

Don't leave me...please

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Don't leave me...please

by [YesImAnIdiotSandwich](#)

Summary

He left the call and collapsed into his bed, screaming into a pillow. Why hadn't he said something? Why were they coming? Had he been that bad a friend?

His breathing was speeding up, uneven as his mind screamed at him. The world seemed distant, like he was drowning. He was drowning in a sense. Metaphorically, he was drowning in his own mind. His darkest fears.

Dream never wanted to get this bad. He knew he was slipping, he had been for a while. But he had always had this unspoken level that he never meant to cross. He had just crossed it.

Sapnap wasn't in love with his friends. That would mean he was gay. That was impossible. Right?

George had been trying to deny his feelings for his best friends for the past few years. Had it worked? Certainly not.

But at least they all lived together now, and as George and Sapnap realise just how unhealthy Dream is, the three of them figure something else out along the way.

Chapter 1 - Dream

Dream had never meant for it to get this bad.

He was currently lying in bed, gasping and shaking, feeling blood trickle down his sides from the opened cuts.

This wasn't even a bad night by his standards.

He laughed bitterly at that thought. How fucked up was he? That lying in a pool of sweat and blood wasn't even a 2 on the 'Dream Panic Scale'. He shivered at the thought of a 10. Those nights were rough.

He thought about this time a year and a half ago, when he was talking to George and Sapnap about them moving in. Sap had just turned 18 and it was finally a possibility. Dream had told them about the spare rooms in his house and they had been discussing it for a while. All three of them wanted to live together, having known each other for virtually forever. It was possible at last. But after about a month, something new came up and it wasn't bought up anymore.

It was something he wanted so bad, but the idea could send him head first into a panic attack on a bad day. He avoided thinking about it most days.

Them seeing him like this would ruin him. He could imagine what they'd see. A pathetic man who probably weighed less than an average 15 year old who was half his height; a man not worth being friends with. Someone they'd leave immediately.

He wasn't worth it anyways, he didn't know why they bothered to be his friends. He didn't deserve them. He didn't deserve anything. There was a razor on the bed table and mouldy food from him not being able to eat without making himself throw up. Just more proof he was worthless. A waste of time. Useless. No one wanted him. That's probably what his family was thinking when-

Okay, maybe going there wasn't the smartest thing to do if he didn't want to spend the rest of the night scratching off his skin and crying until he passed out.

Standing up, he threw on his iconic green hoodie and some sweatpants, turning on his computer and wincing at the stabbing light. He wasn't going to get any sleep, so he may as well do something productive.

Wilbur was streaming and he joined the call, clearing his throat and mentally preparing himself to slip into the familiar persona. At least he still had that. None of the fans thought he was weak. Sure there were other things they said, but none of them knew how pathetic he was. Thankfully.

"Dream, hey, I wasn't expecting you. Isn't it like 3 in the morning in Florida?"

"Yeah, I was sleeping but I think I've fucked up my sleep schedule so bad that I woke up about an hour ago and just couldn't go back to sleep." The lie slipped off of his tongue easily and he grinned at the screen. They couldn't see it, but he was proud of himself for not slipping. The lie came out smoothly and no one suspected a thing.

"Oh fair enough. I've done that a good few times myself. We're steamers, we basically don't sleep. Do you want to play bedwars?"

"Sure. Whatever you want Wil."

They had been streaming for around 5 hours when the stream was ended and they were left alone in a call. Wilbur faced the screen, and Dream decided to leave his camera off. He didn't want the older boy to think anything was wrong. "That was a good stream today Dream. You haven't really been too active for a couple weeks, so I'm glad to see you getting back in to it. We were getting a little bit worried to be honest."

He nodded, realising Wilbur couldn't see his face and muttering a small 'thank you'.

After a few seconds of comfortable silence Patches started yowling at him and he let out a small chuckle at the cat. She was another constant in his life. It's saddened him to think that she may be left behind if he decided to... he cut that off too. Not going there. "Okay well the cat needs her food and I'm sure you have other things to do Wil, so I'm gonna have to go. It was really nice catching up though and we should organise something like this again. I think the fans enjoy us streaming together."

There was a light chuckle on the other end. "No Dreamy Boy, the fans enjoy any stream you are on. But yeah I have to do some editing, and I'm sure you will too. George was on the stream a bit before you, he went to sleep just before you joined, but he was also talking to me about how he needed to have a conversation with you, but he wouldn't tell me what it was about. So I think he'll text you about that soon. Oh and Karl said a collab between him, me, Techno and you would happen on stream so we need to talk about that. So maybe tomorrow? 9 in the morning your time, so 11 Techno's, 8 Karl's and 1 in the afternoon my time?"

Patches mewled louder. He sighed fondly. She was so impatient. Wilbur heard it too, and he chuckled over the call. "Yeah that's perfect. I'll be there and I'll talk to George when he texts me but I really need to go. Bye Wilbur." He left after the man gave a 'goodbye' in return. "Hey KitKat," he turned to Patches, "let's go and get you some food huh? I'm sorry I didn't do it earlier. I was busy doing my job." Not that she knew what a job was. Not could she understand him. But it still made him feel a bit better to talk to her. She was like human company, just quieter.

As he completed the relatively mindless task of filling up her food his mind started to wander to what Wilbur had said just before he left. Why did George need to talk to him? And why hadn't George mentioned it to him first?

'He probably doesn't want to be your friend anymore. Maybe he wants to create his own SMP. You probably upset him, you can't do anything right.' The cruel voice in his head was harsh and factual. It was probably right. Of course George didn't want a friend like him. Who would? He could feel his breathing picking up speed.

"No, George wouldn't talk to Wilbur about that. And he wouldn't need to wait to text me. This has to be something else." He forced himself to believe that, to think that nothing bad would happen.

He couldn't allow himself to think like that. The voice was sometimes helpful, but not at times like this. Now he needed to shut it off.

He walked upstairs. A shower. Showers always did the trick. Even when he was 14 and still trying to deal with the voice telling him how much of a fuck up and a disappointment he was, he recognised that showers were safe.

They also reminded him of hugs from D-

Nope, not going there again.

He stood in the shower, letting the scalding hot water distract him from the burning of the fresh

cuts on his side. The ones that had opened this morning.

He really needed to wash those sheets.

His skin was bright red and wrinkly when he climbed out of the shower, bandaging up his cuts and throwing the sheets in the wash.

He finally felt clean, healthy, and he opened discord, seeing George asking if he could call with Sap. He typed back that he could call in maybe 4 hours, and that he'd text when he was finally free.

While he was being productive, having a particularly good day, he decided to clean up the house and get some groceries.

'Just enough to make sure you don't get sent to hospital.' His mind reprimanded him sharply.

Yeah, just enough to make sure he wasn't dying. He corrected himself. Nothing else was necessary.

But first, hoovering and cleaning.

He started up the hoover, letting out a surprised laugh as Patches jumped out from behind the sofa and ran upstairs. She always did hate loud noises. Something they had in common.

When he was younger, loud noises used to send him into panic attacks, or he would end up curled up on the floor crying and begging for someone to 'turn it off please'.

Even now he had to leave a room sometimes when there was a loud noise or person, even though he had got much better at dealing with it.

He had finished picking up his mess and cleaning the house, changing his bedsheets and decided that food wasn't that important. He could always get it later.

'Or you could leave it another day.'

Or he could leave it another day. His fridge was empty, so there was less temptation than normal. It's not like he needed the food; sure his stomach was growling but he had cheated and eaten a sandwich and some chocolate that had somehow stayed down only 2 days ago.

'You shouldn't have done that Dreamy. You were doing so well and it just proved to me how much of a disappointment you are. Can't even follow a simple order to not eat.' He flinched at the cold voice's words.

"I guess it's time to call George and Sap then hey Cat?" He spoke to Patches. She didn't answer.

He turned on his computer and joined the open call that Sap and George were on, staying silent for a few seconds to figure out if either of them were on stream.

"Neither of you are streaming right?"

"No." Sapnap briefly looked away from whatever coding he was doing.

"Okay so why did you want to talk to me?"

Sapnap finished whatever he was doing and turned towards Dream, flashing the familiar crooked grin he had grown up seeing. "Are we not allowed to talk to our best friend anymore?" He pouted

and Dream snorted.

“You normally say ‘do you want to call’ and this time you said ‘we need to talk to you’. And George spoke to Wil about it at some point.”

“Idiot, I thought we were keeping this to ourselves!” Sapnap turned to George and the other boy’s face turned slightly pink.

“It’s not like I told him anything important. Dream will still be the first to know.” George whined at Sap, not noticing the amused tilt of his lips.

Were they dating? No way that couldn’t happen right? They wouldn’t leave him out like that?

That was so selfish of him. If they were dating he could ignore his own feelings and be happy for them.

‘Maybe they’re dating so they can slowly push you away. They probably don’t want you as their friends.’

No. That can’t be it. No. No. No.

No way.

His nails dug into the flesh on his thighs, bringing him out of the panic he was slipping into. The two of them had finished bickering and George was looking at him expectantly. “Uh I’m so sorry, but I missed whatever you just said. Patches came in sorry.” Another lie.

Sapnap and George looked at each other for a second too long and his breath hitched silently. Why wouldn’t they just say something already?

“Dreamy, can you please turn your camera on? I’m sorry I just really want to see your face when we tell you this. It’s not bad, I promise.” Sapnap sounded happy. Dream trusted him.

‘Too much. You trust him too much.’

He cleared his throat. “Yeah sure give me a second.” He turned on the light, throwing a few things around and covering the crescent shaped marks on his thighs that were slowly dripping blood. The pain was soothing, but he didn’t want either of them to see the cuts.

The camera was turned on and George and Sapnap smiled at the taller man who gave them a small grin in return. He cleared his throat to speak. “Okay, what is it?”

Sap pulled out a plane ticket with details of a trip to Orlando, Florida.

“Me and Georgie are coming to live with you.”

Chapter 2 - Sapnap

Chapter Summary

Filler chapter from Sap's PoV. I'm working on something longer sorry. It's not that bad though and probably worth a read.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for reading :)

Sorry this is short it's just a filler I'm working on something longer

I'm not kidding when I say there will probably be like 2 chapters out tomorrow I have no life.

This is longer than I expected ngl.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap had told George about his idea last night.

They two of them had been sat in a video call, talking. Dream had been invited to the stream hours ago, but he hadn't turned up, or even read their messages.

As much as the boys denied it, Dream had been distancing himself from them in the past few weeks, and it was concerning them both.

The blond's demeanour hadn't changed, and if it was anyone else they would have assumed he was busy, but Dream was a very social person. When he was 14 and talking to Sapnap he hated not speaking to the younger boy for even a day.

He had changed one year ago.

It wasn't something Sapnap could place his finger on, but he was different. His personality was still funny and generous, but it seemed to have a darker edge. He disappeared a few times for days, and there was a notable time where he disappeared for a whole week and when he texted Sapnap for the first time in a week (on the Dream Team group chat) he was insanely drunk and not making any sense.

The only thing he kept saying, or the only understandable thing, was 'it was my fault.' It made Sap's gut twist in a painful way and the sobs he heard when his friend called him later, even drunker, still haunted him.

He sounded so broken. But Sapnap still didn't know the cause, and after one failed attempt to bring it up again, which was very quickly shut down, it wasn't mentioned again. By any of the three of them.

Sapnap had been thinking about this when he decided to ask George about his idea. "George?" He heard a hum from the other boy. "I have a really good really bad idea. And I want you to do it with

me."

"Okay I'm not immediately against this. What is this terrible awesome idea Sappy?"

"Well, you know Dream has been quite distant recently?" The answering silence was an acknowledgement of something they never actually spoke about. "Well, you remember that discussion we had the night I turned 18?"

"The one where he was complaining about living alone, and we were talking about moving in?" George sounded the perfect mix of confused, curious and excited. Sapnap grinned, knowing he was going to love this idea.

"That's the one. Well, what if we buy tickets to move in with him? I was looking and we can get some for two days after tomorrow."

George gasped. "That's...brilliant! Yeah let's do that. We can surprise him the day after tomorrow. I'm sure he'll be so happy."

Sapnap grinned at his joy. God, he was so in lo-

What?

When did that happen?

What?

There was expectant silence on the phone and he realised George had said something and was waiting for his reply. "I'm so sorry Gogy, I just remembered I need to get up early tomorrow so I'm going to go to bed. See you."

He heard a goodbye on the other side and clicked off, sitting in silence for a few seconds, just listening to the silence. He was stunned by his thoughts.

He wasn't in love with George right?

He liked him the same way he liked Dream that was for sure.

And he'd never thought that about Dream.

Well, that was a lie. But it was always a slip up when that happened, it's not like he was actually in love with them.

Maybe a good night's sleep would fix it.

He lay in bed, staring at the ceiling and listening to his breath for hours, until eventually his eyelids were too heavy to stay open, and he was asleep, alone and cold in his bed and his heart.

When he woke up he could see Dream had just finished streaming with Wilbur and George had asked to call.

Dream had said to give him four hours, so Sapnap settled down to do some editing and work.

When Dream texted saying he was free, he joined a vc with the two of them.

"Neither of you are streaming right?" He asked, making sure it was okay to say anything he wanted.

Sapnap just replied with a 'no' refraining from telling him that George had streamed yesterday and they never streamed two days in a row. That would start an unnecessary argument and he was in too good a mood to have it ruined by having an argument with his best friends.

"Okay so why do you two want to talk to me?"

Sapnap bit the inside of his cheek. Could this boy not even pretend to be happy to see them? He hadn't been on a call with them in 4 days, which was much longer than usual.

It was probably just his way of speaking. He was sometimes blunt and his tone made it sound rude. Maybe Dream was just concerned? The way that he had been asked could have come off as too serious.

To be honest, Sapnap didn't know or care. He just wanted to tell him the good news.

He pouted at Dream. "Are we not allowed to talk to our best friend anymore?" Sap grinned when Dream snorted. He couldn't see his friend's expression which was slightly annoying.

"You normally say 'do you want to call' and this time you said 'we need to talk to you'. And George spoke to Wil about it at some point."

Of course George would go and tell Wilbur immediately after he left. It's not like it was a major problem, he just would have liked to talk to dream about it first.

"Idiot, I thought we were keeping this to ourselves!" He looked over at the oldest boy, whose face was slowly turning red. His lips twitched, trying to hold in an amused smile.

He remembered that George had been on Wilbur's stream for maybe an hour before leaving. Almost right after Dream had joined.

"It's not like I told him anything important. Dream will still be the first to know." George whined at him, looking at him with big eyes. He snorted.

Dream had gone oddly silent. He wasn't laughing at the easy conversation or tapping away on his keyboard, lost in work.

George seemed to notice it too. "Dream are you okay?"

Dream didn't reply for about five seconds. "Uh I'm so sorry, I missed whatever you said. Patches came in." His voice was shaky and breaking. They looked at each other for a minute but they didn't point it out. He could have his secrets.

"Dreamy, can you please turn your camera on? I'm sorry I just really want to see your face when we tell you this. It's not bad, I promise." He honestly needed to see the taller boy's face to make sure there wasn't anything properly wrong. But knowing what he was thinking was also a benefit.

"Yeah sure give me a second." Sapnap grabbed his plane ticket and grinned at the boy on the screen. "Okay what is it?"

He lifted up the tickets into the view of the camera. "Me and Georgie are coming to live with you."

He waited. And waited.

There was no major reaction.

A flash of something unrecognisable came over Dream's face, but then he grinned. "When did you guys decide that?"

Sap and George both gave a collective sigh of relief. "I told George about it yesterday and we bought the tickets for the day after tomorrow. So we should be there on Saturday at maybe midnight your time?"

"Oh okay. I need to leave and get some stuff done then. I'll call you tomorrow."

Oh. "Okay then, bye Dream."

"I can't wait to see you guys really. I'm sorry I have to leave I'm just so busy. I just need to get some stuff done so I can take a week off when you two come. Bye."

Dream left the call and George and Sapnap were sat in comfortable silence for a few minutes. "Well he didn't seem to hate the idea. And he didn't say no. So I'd say overall that went well."

"Yeah, honestly that went much better than I expected." A pause. "I'm sorry Sapnap, I need to go too. I'm gonna get a little bit of editing and stuff done so I can also take a week off when I arrive. Maybe you could do the same?"

Sapnap hummed at the request.

"No pressure," he continued on sounding panicked, "I just thought it was a nice thing to do so we could spend time together. No ones going to complain if you don't."

"It's fine," Sapnap chuckled at his best friend, "I was just thinking about what I'd need to do in the next couple of days. I should probably log off too."

George left, and he was alone in a call, excited for the future for the first time ever.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. There will probably be something else out later today, if not then early tomorrow morning. Dream's reaction is spicier from his point of view I promise it's just that he doesn't want to tel Sapnap or George his thoughts:

Chapter 3 - Dream

Chapter Summary

2 days of messed up, insecure Dream trying to make his home suitable for other people to live in.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much to everyone who has read this book :)
I'm literally writing it for the kudos and the comments because y'all make me so happy.

This took longer to write than I anticipated so there may only be this and the previous chapter for today but we'll see how it goes

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream felt his face twist into a grimace before he schooled it back into a huge smile. "When did you guys decide that?" When did you guys decide to ruin everything I worked so hard to build? When did you guys decide to try and break down the facade I spent so long building?

He kept the smile on his face as they both let out a breath almost silently. His nails were digging deeper into his thighs and the pain was causing tears to spring into his eyes.

"I told George about it yesterday and we bought the tickets for the day after tomorrow. So we should be there on Saturday at maybe midnight your time?" Sap sounded less unsure and really excited.

Holy shit. Saturday. 28 hours. And they would be here. It was already Thursday. He was too behind.

'You're a bad friend. You should want your best friends near you. You're weak. Can't do anything for yourself. You don't deserve them. Waste of space.'

"Oh okay. I need to leave and get some stuff done then. I'll call you tomorrow." He needed to go. He had so much to do. He didn't deserve their friendship. It'd be better if they hated him. They probably already did.

"Okay then, bye Dream." Sappnap sounded disappointed and upset. His gut twisted uncomfortably. He had caused the younger boy pain. Why was he such a fuck up? Couldn't even have a conversation without upsetting him.

"I can't wait to see you guys really. I'm sorry I have to leave I'm just so busy. I just need to get some stuff done so I can take a week off when you two come. Bye." Sappnap's face had tipped up as he was speaking and the screaming in his brain had subsided. He left the call and collapsed into his bed, screaming into a pillow. Why hadn't he said something? Why were they coming? Had he been

that bad a friend?

It was probably his fault.

'You're worthless and annoy them. They only keep you around because you're rich and famous and they feel bad for you. They pity you. If they left they just wouldn't make as much money. They don't like you. No one does.'

His breathing was speeding up, uneven as his mind screamed at him. The world seemed distant, like he was drowning. He was drowning in a sense. Metaphorically, he was drowning in his own mind. His darkest fears.

Black spots danced at the edges of his vision and he felt faint, almost willing the voice to speak to him again, to give him something to hold on to. A lifeline to keep his head above water.

'You don't deserve it. You shouldn't be alive. You're too fat and you're unloveable and the only reason people ever spend time around you is because they want something or you've manipulated them into liking you. You've hidden the horrible parts of yourself from them. You're terrible and useless and it's no wonder'

(self harm you may want to skip)

The slice of a razor on his hip silenced the voice before it said the most hurtful thing it could ever say. The pain was refreshing. His skin had small scars and bumps from years of this habit. It brought him back to reality, helping him steady his breathing.

He had somehow managed to make his way into the bathroom in his panicked haze and was sat on the edge of his bathtub with the razor in his hand.

It wasn't a bad thing. He could control it. It was something he did to remove from emotional pain, and to silence the voice. But he could stop whenever he wanted. Sure, it had been years since he started, but he'd never felt the need to stop. He could anytime.

The blade came down again, and again, until his side was painted red.

'Like the floor was when sh-'

Another cut, this one deeper and wider. The voice was silent as he slowly walked into the shower, enjoying the silence in his mind.

(End of self harm description)

The water was tinged red, and he stayed in the shower until it was clear, and his skin was flushed and hot. He felt lightheaded as he stumbled out and into bed. He didn't bother to get dressed, simply collapsing on a towel on his bed and thankfully slipping into a dreamless, blood loss induced sleep.

When he woke up five hours later he somehow seemed more tired, but forced himself to bandage and clean the cuts, to make sure they didn't get infected, before starting to prepare the guest rooms. He had 24 hours, and he needed to buy food, do some work and have the call with Techno, Karl and Wil about a collab in 9 hours.

Until then, he could do some work so that he could take the week off. Why the hell had he promised that to them? He couldn't even deal with his life regularly, let alone doing a week's worth of work in a day.

He lost himself in the coding, spending hours on that and editing until his eyes were strained and his back hurt from bending over the screen.

An alarm went off at 8:45, so he could brush his teeth, throw some water on his face and get dressed. He wore another one of his lime green hoodies and joined the call with the other 3 in it perfectly on time.

"Sapnap told me the good news Dream! They're moving in with you tonight! That's so awesome. I remember when Q moved in with me. It was so uncomfortable." Dream's face dropped. "I'm sure it won't be for you three though," he rushed on, trying not to disappoint or worry the younger man, "you guys have known each other for years. It'll be awesome I swear. I mean me and Q wouldn't have even got together if it wasn't for him moving to America. And that would really be a pity."

Dream hummed in agreement as Technoblade snorted. "Maybe DreamNotFound will become canon." They all laughed a little at that, and Dream pointedly ignored the fluttering feeling in his stomach at the thought of it.

"Yeah it's definitely going to be fun, but I have a ton I need to get done before then. I somehow ended up promising a week off when they come and they did too, so in 24 hours I need to do a weeks worth of work. So by extension this collab will also have to not happen next week. Does the week after work for you guys?"

They were all silent, thinking for a few seconds until Wilbur started talking. "Well, I'm filming with Niki on Wednesday and Tommy on Friday. Weekdays are worse with people actually watching, so Saturday or Sunday. Does anyone have a preference? Karl, are you doing anything with Jimmy or Chris either of those days?"

"Jimmy was talking about doing something on Sunday and I think he was going to talk to Dream about doing it with him. But Saturday definitely works. Does it work for you guys?"

There were three sounds of agreement and Karl seemed pleased. "Okay so midday Dream time? 2 for Tech, 4 for Wil and 11 for me. That means we can probably get the maximum viewers."

They spoke for another 6 hours, just about each other and dumb things they had done.

"Yeah so I was 12, and the hand cream was just on my floor, and well, I was not the brightest child." Dream was talking about one of multiple stupid things he had done.

"That's probably an understatement." Techno muttered and they all laughed.

'See even he thinks you're an idiot.' Dream winced slightly at that.

"Yeah it probably is, but I was bored and I texted a friend and said I was tempted to eat it. My friend just said to send a video if I did. And I took that as her saying 'you won't'. And I would literally do anything if someone said I wouldn't. So I ate like a handful and sent it. And then I was violently sick that afternoon. It was really horrible but I totally deserved it at that point." As they all laughed at the joke, he checked the time. 3 o'clock.

9 hours until he needed to pick up Sap and George. He had been texting them on and off for the past few hours. George was at the airport, leaving in maybe half an hour, and Sap would follow in about 5. He still needed to run the Hoover around, yet again, and buy a few days worth of food from the supermarket. Dream would be forced to eat with his friends when they came, so he didn't need to eat anything today.

It was only four days, he had been drinking water, and the sandwiches and chocolates had been really unhealthy. He was fat, it didn't matter that he weighed the amount a small teenager should weigh, he was fat.

"I need to leave and get some food and stuff. My fridge is basically empty and then I'm gonna head to the gym for a few hours, shower and collect the two of them. Is there anything you guys need while I'm still her?"

"Isn't hours a long time to be there Dream?" Karl sounded slightly concerned and Dream forced his usual confident grin.

"I haven't been in a while. I'm getting fat." He patted his hollow stomach and nodded at them. "Bye."

He logged off and stood up, grabbing his keys and driving to the nearest Walmart.

Every time he grabbed an item he almost looked at the calories, before realising he wouldn't really be eating much of it and the other two didn't care how unhealthy it was. He grabbed everything they would need in a huge trolley, ignoring all the looks he got as he walked around.

Or trying to.

The voice kept talking about it, keeping up a monologue about how he was fat and ugly and no one would want him and even people at the supermarket knew to avoid him. He was trash.

He gave his things to the cashier, who looked at his hoodie and smiled. "Dream SMP fan?"

He deepened his voice and altered his accent slightly as he replied. "I guess you could say I am. Are you?"

"I watch on and off. I basically just make fun of Dream half the time. I mean the rest of them are cool, but I think a 21 year old guy starting a role play server is weird. I mean the guy is rich and I respect doing anything to make money but damn that's so childish."

'See? No one appreciates you. You're worthless, childish, weird.'

He quickly paid for his stuff, driving to the gym and pulling off the hoodie. He was busy for hours, running and lifting weights until his muscles ached and he was drenched in sweat.

It was 10:00 and the gym was closing when he finally limped out, going home for a quick 10 minute shower and getting to the airport by 11.

He listened to some music as he scrolled through Twitter and Tiktok. Today there seemed to be more hate comments. When people mocked him, no one came to his defence. Maybe people really did hate him.

'They do. You're unloveable.'

There was a notification on his phone. It was a picture of George in front of a window in an aeroplane. The plane was on the ground and Dream let out a small cry of excitement. Soon he'd see his boy-

He'd see his best friends. Not his...he couldn't even finish that sentence.

Sapnap then sent a message saying he was also on the ground, and he'd see them in about 10

minutes. Dream left his car and walked over towards the arrival lounge.

“Dream?”

Chapter End Notes

This was just a filler chapter of about 2,000 words and I'm sorry it's going so much slower than I expected because god damn this is harder than I thought it would be and I respect people who do this for a living more now and I have no idea where this is going and just yeah wow I guess.

There may be an update in a few hours but I'm sorry if this is going too slow I'm trying and I expected 3 updates today not only two

Chapter 4 - Dream

Chapter Summary

The three of them go to Dream's house and Dream is forced to eat a meal. They tell Twitter, and by extension the world, that they live together and then they watch a movie and sleep together. And no not in that way you dirty people.

Chapter Notes

I don't even know why I write the note I'm pretty sure people don't read them cuz I sure as hell don't when I'm reading something unless they're really short.
So just keep giving kudos and commenting please :)
Oh and I totally got a mind block in the middle of this so it took an extra two hours to write but 2600 is decent enough for this.

He turned around at the familiar voice and grinned at the two faces that greeted him. Sapnap dropped his bag and jumped on the taller boy, evoking a grunt of surprise. "Holy shit Sap, give a guy some warning next time."

The younger boy smiled at him and he once again pointedly ignored the fuzzy feeling in his chest. "You're saying there's going to be a next time?"

He refused to admit defeat. "I'm saying I doubt I'll have a choice so at least yell something."

"I said Dream."

"You know what I mean."

"It's not my fault that your reaction time is worse than my grandad's."

"I can't even- let's just go okay?"

"So you admit to being wrong?"

"What? No! I just-"

"Dream please just leave him. If he wants to be right let him please. I'm tired I just want to go to your place." George whined. It took a few seconds for him to realise George had called it his place. Not home. Not theirs. His.

'It's probably because he didn't want to move in with you. They pity you.' He tensed up slightly at the harsh words.

"It's all of ours now Gogy." Sap smiled at the slightly shorter boy, grabbing his bags and starting to walk towards the exit. "Come on Dream, you need to take us home. And sleep. And probably eat. You look like you could use it."

He had relaxed slightly after Sapnap called it home but had to suppress a wince as he continued that sentence.

'He's calling you ugly. But you already know you're ugly don't you?' He didn't think he was that ugly right? 'Stupid too it seems.'

He followed Sapnap out to his car, putting the overnight bags they'd bought into the boot. Most of their stuff was getting sent over for later on Sunday, or early Monday. He had climbed into the front seat, with Sapnap sitting next to him (probably to mess with the radio) and George just lying down in the backseat. Sapnap was probably the most well rested of them, his flight only having been two hours, and he was screaming to upbeat songs as they came on, making Dream cringe from embarrassment and the loud noises hurting his ears.

He wasn't going to tell the smaller boy though. It would make him seem weak.

'Weaker. They already pity you.'

Weaker, he corrected himself, and the brunet seemed so happy as he sang along, that his grin almost bought a matching smile to Dream's face.

Almost. His eyes were still drooping from about 8 hours of sleep in the past 4 days, and his stomach was both twisting from lack of food, and the thought of eating food, which was both sickening and a welcome break from the numbness he was so used to.

George was asleep when they got back to the house, softly snoring in the back. Dream shared a small smile with Sapnap.

"Normally I'd suggest throwing water at him, but I feel bad for him so should I just carry him in?" He raised his eyebrows slightly at Sapnap's suggestion but then smiled.

"I can take him in, you're probably pretty tired too. Lie down on one of the sofas and I'll order some food for you two and grab your bags and stuff don't worry Sap."

"What do you mean food for us two?"

"Well I've already eaten, so I'll order both of you pizza."

"In the most respectful way possible, you look like you need food. And your stomach was growling the whole way here." Dream's face turned slightly pink and his stomach twisted uncomfortably at the thought of eating. "But yeah, if it's no bother it would be really nice if you could do that because I'm tired as fuck."

Sapnap had already gone in and probably flopped down onto a sofa, so he picked up the sleeping brunet, blushing as the shorter man burrowed into his neck, sighing contentedly.

He placed him down on another sofa, going into another room.

"Can I order pizza?" He asked the man on the phone.

"Yeah sure. How many, what kind and delivery or pick up?"

The first question stumped him. "Uh I want it delivered, and they to just be cheese pizzas. It's way too late to be eating anything fancy. And maybe two? Or three? God I don't know..."

"Kid, I'm going to need you to tell me quickly. I'm sure it doesn't matter. How many people?"

"Well there's my two friends who haven't eaten in a day or so. But then I really shouldn't- two. Two will do."

The man over the phone hummed thoughtfully. "Okay kid, what's the address?"

He wrote it down and said the pizza should be there in half an hour. Dream took all of the bags out of the car, ignoring how his arms were screaming at him to take a break and instead took everything into their rooms.

He walked downstairs, pulling out his phone and snapping a picture of the two of them asleep on the sofa, posting it to Twitter and grinning as his phone started to blow up. He scrolled through tiktok for about 10 minutes before the doorbell rang and he stood up to grab the pizza, leaving the sleeping boys in the sitting room.

A delivery man was stood there with 3 pizzas.

Dream frowned. "I only ordered two?" God that was rude. "I'm sorry, thank you, but I only paid for two."

The delivery man smiled at him and he had those few seconds to appreciate how pretty this man was. Bright icy blue eyes, black spiky hair-

He wasn't gay. No. He had never- no. He needed to stop thinking like that. He was attracted to girls. So men weren't hot.

'It's wrong. You're wrong. You're disgusting and Sapnap and George will leave you when they find out you're bi.'

Sometimes he appreciated the voice. It was always honest, it never hid behind false words. It told him honestly, what he needed to hear. And since it wasn't screaming at him for considering eating, he tentatively reached for the pizza.

"Darren paid for it apparently."

Darren?

"The man you were speaking to? He said to tell you that you probably needed to eat and no one would get angry or blame you or anything." He frowned. "Are you okay?"

"I honestly don't know," Dream confessed with a sigh, "but I'm sure it's fine. I will be fine eventually."

"That's good to hear. I'm guessing you will take the third pizza then? I would definitely recommend it."

'He doesn't like your appearance.'

"Oh my god that sounded so rude, I'm not trying to call you ugly, I just think pizza is good food. And you deserve it right." The boy rushed on, looking so awkward it made Dream chuckle lightly.

"I'll take your name as an apology." God, since when was he so forward? He usually didn't speak to delivery people, let alone flirt with them. There was something wrong with him.

"Jasper."

"Well, Jasper, I hope I see you again."

"I hope you remember me when you see me next."

He didn't miss how the blue eyed boy said when instead of if. "A pretty face like that is hard to forget, Jasper." His face turned pink, and Dream smirked, laughing again.

"You sound so good saying my name, I know you'd sound better moaning it." Jasper walked away, leaving Dream blushing furiously, and just staring at the boy (his ass, sue him it was a fine ass) as he got in the car and drove away.

Someone clearing their throat behind him jolted him out of his surprise. "Might want to shut your mouth, you'll catch flies. Who even was that?" Sapnap was looking at him in an odd way and his face turned redder (which he didn't realise was possible.)

"It was the delivery boy. We were just...talking."

"You never talk to me like that." Sapnap had grabbed the pizzas and was getting plates and putting the pizza on them.

"I do. I flirt with both of you constantly. I've probably said 'choke me Daddy' to the two of you more times in the past week than most people have said it ever.

Sap snorted at that. "Yeah but I've never seen you blush before. It's always been playful flirting, never actually meaning something."

'He doesn't like you. Obviously. Stop being whiny Dream. You're so embarrassing.'

He stopped when Sapnap said that though. Because although he'd never say it, the option had always been there for it to turn into real flirting. For something to happen.

He was probably thinking about this too much.

He shrugged at the smaller boy, grabbing George's plate and shaking the older boy awake, handing him the plate and staring at the pizza in front of him.

How many calori-

So unhea-

Fat pi-

He tried to push the thoughts away as he brought the greasy slice of fat and calories to his mouth to take a bite.

He couldn't do it. He couldn't do it. He couldn't do it.

He felt sick. He was going to puke. He was sick. He was worthless. There was something wrong with him.

The TV was on, and neither of the other boys could see Dream's struggling. It was some dumb mystery show, but they seemed to be really into it.

'Useless shit. Can't do anything right.'

Tears of frustration were forming in his eyes. It was so unhealthy. And he was fat. He didn't deserve food.

Worthless.

Fat.

Stupid

Unloveab-

The taste of cheese pizza filled his mouth. When had that happened? It tasted...okay. He could do this. He wasn't going to throw up. He was fine.

He was always fine.

Dream ignored the twisting of his stomach as he forced down another bite, gagging and nearly bringing it up, and then another, until he had finished one slice.

He felt an unfamiliar emotion swell in his gut. Pride, his mind told him.

Pride huh?

That was something he hadn't felt in a while.

There was a small smile forming on his face as he reached for another slice, stomach still twisting, but less so.

He only needed two slices to be healthy, which was two more slices than he wanted, but his head was finally being quiet, and he'd been lightheaded from lack of food for the past day or so.

He finished his two slices, washing up the plate and going up to his room with a call of 'I'll be down in 10 minutes' that he doubted the other two heard.

He was stood in the bathroom, washing his mouth and hands, when the voice came back. He looked at the toilet for half a second.

'Throw it up.'

What? No-

'Throw it up.'

He needed that food. He'd pass out otherwise.

'Throw it up.'

Please, no, he couldn't do that.

'Throw it up.'

And once again, like he always found himself doing when the voice became too harsh, the blade was in his hand, and he had new cuts on his side.

One.

The blade came down, a deep but small cut appearing in his thigh. Dream hissed at the pain, but grinned as the blood dripped down his leg. He didn't bother clearing it up, used to doing it at the end.

Two.

There was a new slice, in his hip this time, deeper and wider. This time, the pain bought a smile to his face, the stream of blood joining the other one that was starting to slow already.

He decided that was enough. He didn't want to pass out, and the voice had gone silent, so he cleaned out the cuts, the new clean white bandages contrasting the duller, older bandages.

He pulled on a blue hoodie and some black sweatpants, walking downstairs and sitting on the sofa, suppressing a wince of pain as his thighs came into contact with the leather.

"That took a while." George looked at him, confused, and Dream grinned.

"I needed to feed Patches. And I changed into some comfier clothes." More lies. He kept lying. He was a bad person. A bad friend. He didn't need the voice to tell him that.

"Oh okay. Sapnap put on another movie and suggested we just sleep down here. Cause we've both already slept quite a bit today and it's just easier than going upstairs. Unless you have a problem with that?"

He briefly looked over at Sapnap, who was focussed on whatever was now on TV, and smiled.

"Sure, it's your first night here so it's up to you. I can grab some blankets and pillows..?"

"It's fine Florida is way too hot I doubt I'll need anything."

Okay then. He settled down into the sofa, realising this was a film he'd already watched, and instead chose to look at the two men in the room with him, taking in the huge smile on Sapnap's face as he mouthed the words along with the actors, resting his head on George's shoulder.

And George, seemingly invested in the movie, unconsciously trailing his fingers up and down Sapnap's side, not noticing the way the younger seemed to be falling asleep at the soothing movement.

That was the way he always saw everything to do with the three of them. Those two, always close, always together, the best and the main parts of the group.

And him. The useless stick on that no one really wanted to be part of the group, always separated, a little bit behind the others constantly.

Never really part of it.

He ached with his whole body to just touch them, whether it be a simple hand hold, or him sleeping on one of them, he didn't care he just needed human touch.

But he never could. He wasn't sure what the reason was, but he could never actually initiate the contact, no matter how much he wanted it.

His skin burnt with the need, because he was a clingy person, but he didn't know how his friends would react, and he didn't want to make them uncomfortable.

'It's because you're bis-'

No. No. No. It needed to go away. Why didn't it go away? Why could he never just be left alone?

He didn't realise George was reaching for him until a hand was holding his, rubbing soothing circles with a calloused thumb, and he realised he must have been looking like he was in physical

pain.

The older boy looked concerned as he looked at the blond, who studiously ignored it, and simply gripped the hand tighter, squeezing it and smiling as his hand was squeezed back.

The thumb was still moving in calming circles and the days of no sleep were crashing into him again as his eyes started closing of their own accord, screaming every time he forced them open.

The hand let go of his and he opened his eyes in surprise, looking at George until he felt the hand on his shoulder, pulling his head into George's lap.

He tensed up for a few seconds, until the hand once again slipped into his and started moving in circles.

He needed this so bad damn it. It had been literal years since someone had hugged him.

As his eyes started dropping again, he felt a hand, Sapnap's, his brain told him, start combing through his hair. He didn't even look at the younger boy, instead letting his eyes shut and his head push into the hand, encouraging him to keep going.

He finally fell asleep warm and happy for the first time in a while.

Chapter 5 - George

Chapter Summary

Just George. Literally just George.

Chapter Notes

Kudos and comments are appreciated :)
This is really therapeutic to write though

Basically a short filler for my mind block because I don't know what to write I guess

George was tired.

It was 4 in the morning in England, and he was just getting off a plane. He had spotted Sapnap, after the youngest had yelled for the blond, and then Dream, when he ended up being jumped on.

He had seen the two of them talking as he made his way over, trading comfortable banter from years of knowing each other.

"It's not my fault that your reaction time is worse than my grandad's." George grinned at Sapnap's reply, looking at Dream's mock offence on his face.

"I can't even- let's just go okay?" Please. Yes. He needed to sleep.

"So you admit to being wrong?"

"What? No! I just-"

"Dream please just leave him. If he wants to be right let him please. I'm tired I just want to go to your place." George whined. He realised he had called it Dream's place after and guilt curled in his stomach as the younger's face fell, imperceptible unless you knew him as well as George did.

"It's all of ours now Gogy." Sap smiled at the slightly shorter boy, grabbing his bags and starting to walk towards the exit. "Come on Dream, you need to take us home. And sleep. And probably eat. You look like you could use it."

George studied the tallest boy as he followed him towards the car. The bags under his eyes looked deep purple, the kind you could only get from years of never sleeping enough.

His skin was paler than it should be, and although you could see muscles in his arms when he moved, his face was skinny, too skinny.

George filed the thought away for later, flopping onto the backseat of the car and just letting himself sleep.

Sapnap was screaming to some random songs, which kept waking him up for a few seconds before he fell back asleep again.

He had finally settled into a calm sleep when the car stopped and he woke up to being picked up by someone. From the smell, he realised that it was Dream and burrowed into the warmth.

He felt himself being placed down on a sofa, and slipped into a comfortable, dreamless sleep.

He woke up to Dream, shaking him and handing him a plate with some pizza on it. His stomach growled as he looked up at it and he grinned and thanked the younger boy, turning his attention to the mystery movie Sap had put on.

Out of the corner of his eye he could see Dream staring at the food, slowly bringing it towards his mouth, then away, then back again repeatedly. He was shaking slightly and George frowned.

Why wasn't he eating? What was happening?

About a minute later, the slice was in his mouth; and Dream looked surprised when he bit into it. What?

He was eating it slowly, but George started to relax as he went through two slices before quietly putting his plate down and studying them for a few seconds.

What was he thinking about? George found himself wondering for the hundredth time that week. The taller man stood up, grabbing their plates and washing them in the kitchen next door. He kept some of his attention on the boy, who he could just about see through the door, as he walked back inside.

"I'll be down in 10 minutes," he said as he walked upstairs, not even looking at the two still on the sofa.

They stayed silent for a short while, listening to Dream moving around in the bathroom until the sink was running.

"I'm worried about him," George said, turning to the shorter boy who was now lying on his shoulder, "he seems different. And even just when he was eating. It was weird."

"I see what you mean." The younger boy pushed off of his shoulder, looking at him now. "But it could just be regular stuff. Maybe he'd already eaten, or it is 1 in the morning here so I doubt his stomach appreciates being fed now. And he's a streamer whose fan base and even the people he work with spread the globe. The guy is gonna have a crappy eating and sleeping schedule. And given he's so famous I don't doubt that he's worse affected than any of us. So maybe, I don't know, keep an eye on him, but I don't think there's any reason to worry Georgie."

George nodded, thinking as another movie was put on. Maybe he was overreacting. He was quite protective of his boys.

His boys? That was a new one. It sounded right though. His boys. He tested out the name, pushing it around his mouth, delighted by how right it felt.

His boys. That's what they would be. Eventually.

When Dream came back downstairs, Sapnap was once again lying on George's shoulder, and one

of George's hands was running up and down his side, soothing for both of them.

The younger was wearing a change of clothes and he seemed stiff when he sat down. George eyed him suspiciously. "That took a while."

Dream grinned. "I needed to feed Patches. And I changed into some comfier clothes." That sounded reasonable enough, and why would Dream need to lie about that?

"Oh okay. Sapnap put on another movie and suggested we just sleep down here. Cause we've both already slept quite a bit today and it's just easier than going upstairs. Unless you have a problem with that?" Sapnap had suggested nothing of the sort, but when the youngest boy looked up at him questioningly, a look Dream thankfully seemed to miss, he shook his head slightly, almost to say 'I'll tell you later.'

Dream looked over at Sapnap. "Sure, it's your first night here so it's up to you. I can grab some blankets and pillows..?"

"It's fine Florida is way too hot I doubt I'll need anything." That wasn't a lie. George had been dying in the heat. Even with the air conditioning on, the house was way warmer than England.

They all sat in comfortable silence in front of the screen for about 10 minutes, before the wistful looks Dream was sending at the way Sapnap was curled into his side started to irritate him. Even Sapnap had noticed them, and was giving him confused looks every time it happened.

And it wasn't annoying in a bad way, he just had no opposition to Dream doing the same thing, and was confused as to why he wasn't.

He started off slow, reaching out for Dream's hand and then rubbing it slowly with his thumb. The younger boy squeezed his hand, giving him a small smile as he squeezed back.

They stayed like this for a few minutes until George let go, grabbing Dream's shoulder and pulling him into his lap, once again holding his hand.

One of Sap's hands found its way into the older's hair and he grinned as the man on his lap fell asleep, a small smile on his face.

Chapter 6 - Dream

Chapter Summary

Dream and the guys go to brunch. Not the smartest idea for Dream

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took longer to write than I was anticipating. Today has been a slow day, and I was suffering from a mind block so be and my best friend basically mapped out a ton of stuff for future chapters.

As always kudos and comments are appreciated and I hope you enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Dream woke up, he was more rested than usual, and light was streaming through the blinds. He burrowed into the warmth that was his pillow and sighed happily. There was a soft chuckle from somewhere above him. Wait a second.

Who just laughed?

Why was his pillow moving slightly?

Whose hand was in his hair?

He tipped his head up slightly, looking into the amused face of George. "Finally awake? It's 1 in the afternoon Dream. I haven't been able to get up for ages."

The voice didn't taunt him. He heard the fond mock annoyance for what it was, and grinned at the taller boy, before resting back on his chest (chest? When did that happen?) and muttering 'five more minutes'.

The answering laugh warmed his heart, not that he'd admit it.

"Is he awake? I'm hungry. I want to go out and get food." Sapnap whined. Dream vaguely heard it, half asleep again and not really understanding what he was hearing. George shushed the younger boy with a glare, figuring the blond could use the sleep.

"Sap, you ate a huge pizza 12 hours ago and you just had the rest of mine an hour ago. You can wait."

The brunet looked like a petulant child, with a disappointed pout aimed at the oldest. "You're mean."

Dream forced his eyes open, groaning at the light. "Sap please shut up. And I'm awake if you want to do something. I can shower and be down in 10 if you want to choose somewhere to go." He pushed himself up, immediately missing the warmth of George's chest.

He hugged just like D-

Okay, time to go have that shower.

He was stood in the shower, letting the scalding water trail down his face, watching the water tinge red with his blood.

He waited until it was clear, stepping out and replacing the bandages on his thighs and hips, before walking into the sitting room where George and Sapnap were ready to leave.

“So where are we going?” He stared at the two of them, who shared a look that he couldn’t discern.

“Brunch. Apparently Sapnap’s fat ass wants more food. He found a place nearby. Said he’d drive.” George looked somewhere between irritation and boredom.

Oh. More food. Why couldn’t they do anything that didn’t involve food?

“Sure, I’m happy to do anything.” No he wasn’t. “Catch.” He tossed his keys to Sapnap, who started to leave.

George paused in the doorway, looking at him and opening his mouth as though he was about to speak, before shutting it and leaving.

There was a sinking feeling in his gut that he ignored.

He slid into the backseat of the car, since the front seats had been filled by the two people who didn’t actually own the car.

‘They’re sitting as far away from you as they can. You’re lucky you were even invited.’

And it’s come back.

Oh well, it was nice while it lasted.

He zoned out as they travelled, fading in and out of focus on the conversation. They didn’t seem to be talking about anything important.

When they pulled up he looked at the familiar diner, feeling panic twist his stomach. This place was well known for its unhealthy food.

He couldn’t eat here. No. No. No. It was too early. He couldn’t do it. He was going to throw up. He couldn’t breathe.

He realised his breathing was speeding up when Sapnap (usually the most oblivious of the three) placed a hand on his back, and looked at him, concerned.

The emotion looked odd on the younger’s face and he immediately felt guilt as his breathing began to slow and even out.

‘You’re a burden Dream. You already knew that. You don’t deserve them. You don’t deserve anything.’

“You okay? Looked kind of shaky there.” Sapnap was searching his face for...something...so he quickly forced his face back into the natural grin they were used to.

“Yeah, sorry, I was just thinking and I zoned out a bit.” He nodded at the shorter boy, who looked relieved immediately, before looking back over at the oldest, who was getting a table.

“So how did you decide on here?” How did you come to decide on the worst place possible? How did you decide to ruin my day before it had begun?

“I heard about it from a friend who’s been to Florida. I just remembered it while you were showering. Is there a problem?”

“No, of course not, I just didn’t think that this place was advertised much so I was curious.” He could see George had got a table and decided to end the conversation there. “Oh look, George has a table, let’s go.”

Sapnap seemed slightly bewildered, but followed him anyway.

“What drinks would you like?” A girl who looked to be in her early 20s walked up to them and smiled kindly. Her eyes stopped on him for a second, looking up and down before moving on.

‘It’s because you’re ugly.’

Of course, why else?

She took the other two’s orders and turned to him with a smile. “And what would the handsome sir want today?”

He barely met her eyes, mouth suddenly dry. “Uh, I’ll have a water please.”

“Anything for you pretty boy.” She passed him a food menu, brushing her hand with his for a second longer than necessary before she let go.

Well, that was weird.

George and Sapnap were looking at each other for about half a minute before they started laughing. “Please,” George wiped a tear from his eye, “I felt so bad for her. That was so awkward.”

What?

“I know right? The poor woman must be so embarrassed. I know I would be in her situation.” Sapnap managed to get out, in between breaths.

“What?” Dream finally questioned, genuinely mystified.

That only made them laugh harder, gaining the attention of multiple people in the room.

“Oh Dream,” George grinned at the younger man, “she was flirting with you.”

Oh.

The look on his face seemed to send them over the edge again, this time earning them more annoyed looks than amused.

He had ordered the least intimidating thing on the menu: a plain omelette. And here it was. He stared at it as his friends started to dig into their food.

“Are you not going to start eating Dream?” One of them said to him. He didn’t know who, he was too busy staring at the food. His worst nightmare, his biggest enemy, a necessity, an obstacle.

He didn't really know what to do.

"Mhm, yeah sure soon probably." He mumbled, sounding distracted, even to himself, tapping his fingers in a soothing rhythm.

They shared a look he didn't even notice and suddenly there was a hand on his thigh, making him jump and flinch back, jolting out of the food stupor.

"You good?" That was Sapnap, and he directed a quirk of his lips at the younger boy, nodding and taking a bite of his food, almost throwing up as he swallowed it.

They seemed to be happy enough with his reply, looking back down at their food and continuing their conversation as Dream forced down one bite, then another, until half of his plate was empty.

He pushed his plate away. "I'm going to the bathroom." He walked inside, checking it was empty and locking himself into a stall.

'Throw it up.'

It wasn't a bad idea, he'd eaten today already, but-

'Throw it up.'

Before he consciously thought about it, he was bending over the toilet, two fingers down his throat, gagging.

Tears burnt his eyes as they made their way out, dripping onto the wooden floor he was currently kneeling on.

The little bits of spit and food he was managing to bring up felt like acid coming back through his throat.

He was gasping and shaking on the floor, still not used to the feeling of making himself throw up.

Finally he managed to get the omelette back up, and god fucking damn, it hurt so much worse coming up than it did going down. It was coming out of his nose and mouth, mixing with the dripping tears and landing in the toilet bowl.

Eventually he was dry heaving into the toilet, letting out small whimpers as he took in deep, shuddering breaths, trying to calm his racing heart.

He refused to look at the mess that was his face as he cleaned up the toilet and his hands and face, removing the drool and any leftover puke.

He checked at the end, seeing his eyes were puffy and red and deciding to stay in the bathroom for a few more minutes, sniffing softly as he picked at the scars on his thigh.

He was such a failure, making himself throw up. He couldn't do anything right.

He couldn't even eat like a normal person.

He didn't deserve friends he was just dragging them down.

His breathing had picked up and it was uneven, he was hyperventilating. He focused on the tap and started to breathe, in for 4, hold for 7, out for 8.

In.

Hold.

Out.

In.

Hold.

Out.

In.

Hold.

Out.

After a few minutes his breathing had calmed down and he let out a bitter chuckle. He was pathetic, curled up on a bathroom floor in a cheap breakfast diner.

He stood up, wincing as all of his joints cracked, and stepped outside. Someone walked into him just as he was leaving and he turned around to say sorry.

And stopped.

“Jasper?”

“Hot dude.”

“Stalking me now are you?” He smirked at the black haired boy, who was looking at him with a similar expression.

“Well you can’t blame me for keeping track of such a hot piece of ass now can you?”

He looked over his shoulder in mock surprise. “I guess I can’t.”

“As much as I’d like to keep flirting with you, I really need to pee, and I still don’t know your name, so trying to get in your pants seems mildly inappropriate.”

“Dream. My name is Dream.”

“Well, Dream, I hope to see you again soon.” He shivered almost imperceptibly at the way the taller boy said his name, but from the growing smirk on the other’s face, he had caught it.

As he rounded the corner, he heard his name again. This time Jasper’s face seemed more calculating and serious, almost bordering on concerned. “I heard you in there.”

Jasper was gone before he had regained enough control to close his mouth.

Once again, the black haired hottie had left him speechless.

He found his way back to his table, slumping down in his seat.

“That took a while.” George commented, looking at the younger’s face.

“I saw a familiar face. We spoke for a little while. Sorry.” His sentences were short and to the

point. They were all familiar with what that meant. He only spoke like that when he was deep in his head, thinking about something they'd most likely never hear about.

"Okay, well I paid, so we can go."

That got Dream's attention. "Why did you pay? You should have left it for me Georgie. You know that I prefer to pay for you two. And it's your first day here."

"It doesn't matter Dream, I'll let you pay next time."

"Promise?"

Dream didn't know why it bought a smile to George's face to see him holding out his pinkie, but he smiled back as the older linked his finger around the younger's.

"Promise."

They held each other's gaze for a second longer than necessary before looking away in separate directions uncomfortably.

"So shall we go?" Sappnap broke the awkward silence, thankfully oblivious to...whatever that was. Dream didn't know. And he didn't want to think about it.

"Yeah, but I have somewhere I need to be, so I'll drop you two home and be back in maybe 2 hours? I don't know how long it'll take." Dream had remembered where he needed to go barely minutes ago, and felt guilt for forgetting his Sunday tradition.

"Where do you need to go?" George looked confused and Dream sighed.

"Does it matter?"

"No."

They all got in the car, Dream once again in the driver's seat as he drove back to his place.

The two didn't say another word as he dropped them off, shutting the car doors and driving away quickly.

To be fair, neither did he.

He pulled up to the familiar gates, looking at the solemn stone rows and making the familiar journey towards the three he recognised.

He looked at the three graves in front of him, and sighed deeply. "Hi Mom, hi Dad, hi Drista. It's been a while."

Chapter End Notes

I was so tempted to leave it at a few different point but I decided to write everything I was planning on writing today and it was shorter than anticipated. But oh well. Doesn't really matter now.

Don't hate me but I'm going to make Jasper a bigger character. But I promise no

matter what the three of them will end up together.

But yeah he's gonna be quite a big character and you guys will hopefully love him.

Once again, in case you forgot, kudos and comments are appreciated.

And I hope you guys have a great day(or night) wherever you are :)

Chapter 7 - Dream

Chapter Summary

Kind of deep Dream and Jasper.

Chapter Notes

This is later than I wanted it to be, but here is a new chapter. I'm aiming for 1 a day, maybe every 2 days if it's long or I'm having a slow day.

Jasper is going to be a big character, but I promise the end result will be the same, I just had a good idea last chapter.

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated and I'm seriously just writing for those and my best friend at this point. (And obviously because it'd be annoying to have an unfinished story)

But thanks :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"-and I think you'd really like them Dris, I mean I know you spoke to them a few times but I saw them for the first time yesterday. Well, today really. It was like 1 in the morning. It's irrelevant." Dream paused. "I need to get going, but I really miss you guys. I know I never told you, but I really did love you. I still do. And I'm sorry I failed you all." He sat, resting against his sister's grave, taking a deep breath before finally standing up.

He could hear someone else walking through another part of the cemetery that wasn't visible to him, waiting for the person to leave first. A familiar blue eyed, black haired hottie greeted him.

"Fucking hell Jasper? Are you stalking me or what, because this isn't normal. Can't you leave me the fuck alone? This is the one place no one ever comes to bother me so how the fuck did you find me. And why would you come here? Here of all places to annoy me? I'm really not in the mood for your games right now. Please just fucking leave me alone. I can't be bothered to deal with your bullshit at the moment." Dream didn't even look at the other man as he yelled, letting out the frustration of the day and then wincing as guilt settled in his stomach like a bad meal.

"I'm, uh, I'm sorry D-Dream." Jasper was sniffing and Dream felt his heart drop as he looked up towards the taller man. He had dried tear tracks on his cheeks and his eyes were red and puffy.

'Insensitive piece of shit. Why would he be here unless someone died.' He agreed with the voice, digging his nails into his thighs until tears formed in his eyes.

"No, no, no, no no no no. I'm so sorry I was just frustrated and it's been a shitty day and that's not an excuse but I just didn't expect to see you and I'm so sorry." Dream was talking fast, moving towards the man and giving him a hug before he realised what he was doing.

The other man froze, stiffening up in his hold, for just long enough that Dream began to doubt himself. Was he being odd? Was he misreading this? Did he not want a hug? He looked like he needed one.

Half a second before Dream was going to awkwardly pull himself off, Jasper wrapped his arms around the smaller boy, burying his head in his neck as he held tight. Dream's head was resting on Jasper's chest, and neither of the boys commented on the tears they felt.

Dream was grateful for that.

"Do you...do you want to talk about it?" Dream was readying himself for a rejection, and was pleasantly surprised when he felt a nod into his neck, slowly leading them both onto a bench.

He sat in silence for a few minutes, sensing the other boy was gathering himself to talk, and smiled reassuringly when he looked up.

"His name was Alec. He was maybe 15 when he..." Jasper trailed off, unwilling to say the word and Dream suppressed a wince. "That was a year ago, and I came here every Saturday since then. But today is the anniversary and so I thought it would be disrespectful to not come so yeah. I'm guessing that's why you've never seen me before. Why are you here?" He left the question of 'who are you here for' unasked. There were fresh tears spilling down his cheeks, and he hadn't gone into detail, but from experience, Dream could imagine the thoughts racing through his head, spanning from 'it's your fault' to 'you should have done better' to 'you should have been better' and back around again.

He rarely actually told people about it, and neither Sapnap or George actually knew what happened. When it did, he had simply left for 2 weeks, talking about a 'family emergency' and not contacting them.

But Jasper would understand, Jasper was like him.

Jasper had to.

"Drista was the first of the three of them." He kept his voice strong, emotionless, monotone. The exact opposite of the way Jasper had sounded, but he'd spoken to enough people to know they never cared.

'I told you not to speak to them. You never listen to me you idiot.'

"She was 16, and I was 19. This was a year and a half ago. She was a really happy person. Friendly, outgoing, the type of person you couldn't stay away from. And so she had told my Dad that she was lesbian. Of course we both knew that my Dad was homophobic, but we didn't really think he was that awful. We both sort of expected him to just ignore it after she said it. But he got mad; really mad. I had come home to visit and support her. And so first of all he pretended it didn't happen. But she wanted to know what he actually thought. And so she kept pressing. I told her," his voice broke and he sighed, "god I told her so many times that she should leave him alone. But she kept trying to get him to tell her his thoughts." His head was in his hands and he could see Jasper reach out to comfort him, before the hand dropped and pulled away.

'He doesn't want to touch you. He knows it's your fault. You should have known. It's your fault and you know it.'

He took a deep breath, fighting to keep his voice even and losing as he carried on. "And he finally snapped and he told her. He said it was disgusting and wrong and he never wanted to see her again.

And when—" he rubbed his face, trying to get rid of the tears. He was weak. He didn't deserve to cry. He didn't deserve anything. It was his fault. It was his fault. It was his. Him. Dream. The older brother. The failure. The fuck up.

'The bisex-'

No. He couldn't. No. It was the reason his sister died. He couldn't be- just no. Never.

Jasper was looking at him expectantly and he remembered he'd been in the middle of a story. The story. "And when she told him to fuck off, and that she was his daughter, he told her- he told her that he'd rather she killed herself."

Jasper let out a small gasp, and he vaguely felt more tears streaming down his face, and a warm hand brushing them away and pulling him into a hug.

He let himself relax in the hug, for half a minute gasping and letting himself listen to the kind words Jasper was whispering to him.

Dream pushed him away, sending a small smile up at him. "Sorry, I don't tell that to people often. Obviously. It's not like I'm going to go out and tell people that my little sister..." he ended with a choked cough, feeling rather than seeing the sympathetic grimace on Jasper's face.

"Alec did...that...too. I didn't fucking realise. How didn't I realise? He was my younger brother. I should have realised. I should have done something." His voice was breaking again and Dream rubbed a soothing hand on his back. "He was getting bullied. I didn't know. I didn't know anything. I'm meant to be protecting him. We were supposed to grow old together. And I failed. I failed him. I fail everyone."

"I-I'm so fucking sorry. I get what you mean though. I feel like I failed her constantly. I feel like I shouldn't be alive because of it. I feel like I don't deserve it. And sometimes I really think that I should just kill myself."

It's the first time he's ever admitted it out loud, and he feels himself getting pulled into another hug (this is the most human contact he's had in years) and neither of them are saying anything. But it's enough. For a few precious seconds, he's sat in a cemetery of all places, and he feels at peace, no voice in his head screaming, no thoughts racing through his mind.

And then it's disturbed.

"You said three? I'm sorry if this is too much I'm just really confused. I understand if you don't--"

"My parents died 6 months later. And that was completely my fault. I was pissed at myself and at Drista and at my Dad and at the whole fucking world and I got drunk and phoned my parents. And they needed to collect me. Because I was 'irresponsible and reckless'." He remembered that conversation. It was the last one he had with his Dad, and it consisted of the man yelling at his son, and repeatedly insulting him, until he had hung up on him. He wished he'd said he loved him.

"There was a drunk driver and he just crashed into them, head on. They died before they felt anything. Which is good I guess. That was my fault too though."

'You're worthless. You got your family killed. You can't do anything right.'

"I'm sorry." Jasper didn't say anything else, and Dream was grateful that he didn't try and convince him it wasn't his fault. He didn't think he would believe the other man if he tried.

They sat in comfortable silence for another few minutes before Dream spoke up. “I really am sorry though,” Jasper looked weirdly at him and he smiled, “for assuming that you were stalking me. It was insensitive and dumb and I shouldn’t have said it.”

“All can and will be forgiven if I can get your number?” The flirty smirk was back, and Dream wasn’t ever going to admit how much it relieved him.

“I don’t know, I’ve always been told never to give my number to strangers; even if they’re pretty.” He winked at the taller boy and was rewarded with an adorable laugh. He decided there and then that that was the only sound he ever wanted to hear out of the taller boy.

Jasper pouted, bringing a smile to Dream’s face as he gave the other boy his number. “Pretty Boy. Sounds perfect for you.” His eyes looked Dream up and down once, unconsciously licking his lips as he did.

“Well, I’m going to have to go home now,” Dream said guiltily, realising he’d stayed for an hour longer than intended. “My friends will be worried about me. But text me later Daddy.” He snorted as he said the name, not even able to keep a straight face for a minute as he heard the other boy choking on air.

As he reached the car, he had a genuine smile on his face. It seemed he had done that more often in the past two days than in the previous month.

He got in and started driving immediately, not even bothering to put on a seat belt. It’s not like it mattered anyway, he was unlikely to crash.

But if he did dying didn’t-

No. He couldn’t think like that. That was wrong.

But he didn’t put on his seatbelt as he drove home.

‘You don’t deserve to be alive.’

He pulled up into the familiar driveway, ignoring the anxious feeling unsettling his stomach. He forced himself to put one foot in front of the other and enter.

Why was he so fucking nervous?

The door opened nearly silently, and he let out a breath, jumping when he heard George. “Hey Dream. How was wherever you were?”

That question was probably supposed to make him tell the older where he was. He didn’t. “It was definitely...eventful. Not necessarily bad, just eventful.”

George seemed slightly irritated and very confused, but forced it down with a smile. “Well, me and Sapnap were just about to watch a movie, do you want to join?”

No. He really didn’t. He was too emotionally drained and way too tired to deal with this today. But he was an idiot.

“Of course.”

Sorry if that was a bit heavy, but the chapter after next and the later half of next chapter should be better.

I'm not sure if there are typos so if you find any, tell me please because I didn't have time to get someone to proof read it.

I think I may just go for next chapter to be a 1500ish word chapter that's just George's PoV.

Tomorrow is my birthday so you'll either end up with two chapters or no chapters and that'll depend on the day but I will be replying to comments.

As always kudos and comments are appreciated and wherever you are I hope you have a great day :)

Thank you

Chapter 8 - George

Chapter Summary

Last 2 chapters from George.

Chapter Notes

I had a shitty birthday and was going to write this but I was struggling to write a mentally healthy person, which totally sounds dumb and like an excuse but I sent it to my best friend and she said it wasn't as good as most of the stuff I wrote so I left it a day and yeah sorry.

This is a little bit longer to make up for it :)

As always kudos and comments are appreciated and I do reply to them all because I'm literally writing for those.

And it makes me weirdly happy when people bookmark and write something about it while they're bookmarking (no pressure tho I really don't mind)

Thanks :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George woke up to an unfamiliar weight on his chest, and the sound of a picture being taken.

The latter caused his eyes to snap open, and look around in a panic. People taking pictures of him sleeping never ended up well.

Sapnap was putting his phone away when he looked, smiling at the younger boy.

Dream was lying on his chest, somehow seeming younger as he slept. The sun was painting his dirty blonde hair with streaks of gold and his face was pressed into his chest, as if he was trying to block out the sun.

He couldn't hold back a small coo, running his hand through the blond's deceptively soft locks. Dream pushed into his hand, even in his sleep, and George pushed away the warm feeling in his heart.

"I need food. It's almost 12 in the afternoon and I've been awake for about half an hour. Did you know Dream posted a picture of us sleeping to Twitter?"

That was the sort of thing he'd do. He smiled fondly at the sleeping boy, looking at Sapnap with a grin that most would call his 'crazy grin'. He disagreed and called it his 'good idea grin.'

Both were probably accurate.

“Take a picture of his hand and post it. And show that he’s lying on me. The fans are going to go wild. Oh and you can have my pizza I don’t really want any more of that.” He added the last part as an afterthought as Sapnap posted the picture and he could hear his phone starting to blow up.

The blond was still sleeping on him, and he tightened the arm on his waist almost unconsciously.

Almost.

It was early afternoon when the blond started to wake up. Had it been anyone else, he would have woken them up as soon as he’d woken up, or even when Dream had fallen asleep on him, instead of letting the younger lie on him.

But the tallest boy’s eyebags looked deep enough that they couldn’t have come from a week, or even a month’s worth of little sleep. And he looked so calm in his sleep, George wanted to trace his lips with his fingers; had found himself reaching out more than once to actually do it.

Or trace them with his own-

He shut that thought off before it could fully form.

He laughed softly as Dream pushed even further into his chest, his hand still combing through the younger’s hair.

He looked up, slightly bewildered by George’s face. "Finally awake? It's 1 in the afternoon Dream. I haven't been able to get up for ages."

Dream flashed a grin at the older, pushing his head back into George’s chest, causing the brunet to let out another laugh. “Five more minutes.” He smiled fondly at the younger.

He was so in lo-

Once again, he forced himself to move away from the thought.

"Is he awake? I'm hungry. I want to go out and get food." Sapnap whined. George glared at the younger, silencing him, figuring the blond could use the sleep.

"Sap, you ate a huge pizza 12 hours ago and you just had the rest of mine an hour ago. You can wait."

The brunet looked like a petulant child, with a disappointed pout aimed at the oldest. “You’re mean.”

He could feel Dream forcing himself up, and sighed, ignoring the urge to pull him back down and force him to sleep until the eyebags disappeared and George didn’t feel so worried about the man. “Sap please shut up. And I’m awake if you want to do something. I can shower and be down in 10 if you want to choose somewhere to go.” The man looked almost in pain, and both of them winced slightly at how tired he sounded.

“Why did you make him get up dumbass? Have you not seen how tired he looks?” George hissed at the boy on the other couch, not feeling bad when his face fell.

“I didn’t realise. I’m sorry George.” Now he felt bad.

“It doesn’t matter. Find somewhere to go. Food seems smart because I want Dream to be a healthy weight. He was all bones and so light when he lay on me. Brunch maybe?”

He heard a hum from Sapnap and they both left each other alone until dream came down.

“So where are we going?”

He looked at Sapnap, trying to get him to say something, before internally sighing. “Brunch. Apparently Sapnap’s fat ass wants more food. He found a place nearby. Said he’d drive.” George put on an expression that hopefully looked somewhere between irritation and boredom.

“Sure, I’m happy to do anything.” It looked like he was lying to George. “Catch.” He tossed his keys to Sapnap, who started to leave.

George turned around, opening his mouth to say what was on the tip of his tongue, but deciding better and following Sapnap wordlessly.

The two of them kept up some light small talk as they drove, both realising Dream was totally out of it, but not mentioning it as they pulled up.

George moved towards the stand, asking for a table and only half paying attention. Dream looked like he was panicking, but as soon as Sapnap touched him, the facial expression erased itself immediately.

The two seemed to have a conversation he couldn’t understand from where he was, but as soon as he moved to get a table Dream pointed at him and he guessed that was the end of the conversation.

“What drinks would you like?” A girl who looked to be in her early 20s walked up to them and smiled kindly. George saw her eyes stop on Dream, looking him up and down appreciatively as he himself had done so many times. He ignored the stab of jealousy.

She took their orders and turned to the blond with a smile. “And what would the handsome sir want today?”

He barely met her eyes, and George had to suppress a smile. “Uh, I’ll have a water please.”

“Anything for you pretty boy.” She passed him a food menu, brushing her hand with his for a second longer than necessary before she let go. The look on his face caused George to bite his lip to hold in a laugh. He always was oblivious when it came to social interactions.

Him and Sapnap were looking at each other for about half a minute before they started laughing. “Please,” George wiped a tear from his eye, “I felt so bad for her. That was so awkward.”

“I know right? The poor woman must be so embarrassed. I know I would be in her situation.” Sapnap managed to get out, in between breaths.

“What?” Dream asked them, seeming confused and annoyed at the same time.

That only made them laugh harder, gaining the attention of multiple people in the room.

“Oh Dream,” George grinned at the younger man, “she was flirting with you.”

His mouth widened into an ‘o’ almost comically, setting him and Sapnap off again, bringing a light flush to his cheeks at the amount of people looking at them.

Dream was staring at his food like it was going to kill him. His face was an expression of thinly veiled disgust, and George didn’t know what to do.

“Are you not going to start eating Dream?” He forced himself not to sound concerned, but the bad

feeling in his gut only worsened as the boy basically ignored them, staring at the food.

He didn't really know what to do.

"Mhm, yeah sure soon probably." He mumbled, sounding distracted, tapping his fingers in a soothing rhythm.

Him and Sapnap shared a look over Dream's head, that they were certain he didn't catch. Sap moved a hand towards the older boy's thigh, and George winced and how hard Dream flinched at the movement.

"You good?" Sapnap asked, and he received a quirk of the blond's lips directed at the younger boy, both of them watching as he forced a bit down and gagged, obviously regretting it.

They went back to their conversation, watching closely as Dream ate half the food on his plate, before abruptly standing up and walking towards the toilets. "I'm going to the bathroom."

"Well, that wasn't concerning in the slightest." Sapnap said sarcastically, and George frowned at the sarcasm, nodding anyway.

"Yeah, but he's eaten half of his food, so I'm sure it's fine. Maybe it's just a today thing. I'm sure he will sort it out. It's probably nothing." It had to be nothing. He was trying to convince himself as much as he was trying to convince Sapnap.

Neither of them really believed it though, sitting in tense silence as George got the bill.

"Who's paying?" The flirty waitress asked them, looking around, for Dream, his mind told him and he was inclined to agree.

"My friend who just went to the toilet." 10 minutes ago. Not just. 10 motherfucking minutes ago. What was he doing?

She nodded, failing to suppress a grin as she wrote her number on the paper.

No, no, no. George didn't ignore the stab of jealousy this time. "No wait, never mind, I'll pay. I just remembered that...I promised last time." He ignored the confused look from Sapnap and the disappointed look from the waitress, handing her his card and just leaving her to deal with that.

"Dream always likes to pay George. You know that." Sapnap sounded slightly annoyed by the oldest boy, who wasn't actually going to tell him the reasoning. It sounded stupid to him now.

"I just thought Dream would want to leave as soon as he comes out."

"Speak of the devil." Dream had walked in, slumping down in his chair.

"That took a while." George commented, looking at the younger's face and not looking at Sapnap's face

"I saw a familiar face. We spoke for a little while. Sorry." He was in his head and they could both see it, deciding there was no point trying to start a conversation.

"Okay, well I paid, so we can go."

That got Dream's attention. "Why did you pay? You should have left it for me Georgie. You know that I prefer to pay for you two. And it's your first day here."

“It doesn’t matter Dream, I’ll let you pay next time.”

“Promise?”

It bought a smile to George’s face watching the younger hold his finger out like a small child, waiting for the older to link his pinkie with him.

“Promise.”

They held each other’s gaze for a second longer before looking away in separate directions uncomfortably.

“So shall we go?” Sarnap broke the awkward silence, thankfully oblivious to...whatever that was. George didn’t know, and he didn’t want to know.

“Yeah, but I have somewhere I need to be, so I’ll drop you two home and be back in maybe 2 hours? I don’t know how long it’ll take.” Dream sounded guilty, but George presumed it was normal enough.

They were all entitled to their secrets.

“Where do you need to go?” George looked confused and Dream sighed.

“Does it matter?”

“No.”

George and Sarnap took the two back seats on the way, pretending they couldn’t feel the awkward silence.

He didn’t say another word as he dropped them off, shutting the car doors and driving away quickly.

To be fair, neither did they.

It started with an unexpected step.

George was walking up towards Sarnap’s room, about to ask him to do something, when the door opened and he tripped on a small rise in the wood he hadn’t noticed before.

“I think you just fell for me Georgie.” Sarnap said, so seriously that George had to look up to see his face.

There was a light pink tint to his cheeks as he smirked at the younger. “I fell for you long ago baby.”

Sarnap almost seemed to gag at the nickname, but they both kept straight faces, now sporting matching blushes.

The weren’t used to flirting with each other in real life. And this wasn’t the usual flirty thing they did. This felt more realistic and George wasn’t certain he hated it.

He wasn’t sure he hated a lot of things he was supposed to hate these days.

“Well, I’m no photographer, but I can totally picture us together.” Sarnap smirked down at him, where he remembered he was still on the floor.

Why was he on the floor again?

“You’re so hot you almost made me forget how to flirt.” He pushed himself up, sending a wink at the slightly taller man and feeling a jolt of satisfaction at the blush that turned his face bright red.

Sapnap cleared his throat. “So what did you want George?”

“You.” Sapnap raised his eyebrows slightly, having collected himself. “I wanted to watch a movie with you. I mean Dream’s been gone 3 hours so there’s probably no point in waiting for him.”

The younger seemed to think about it, before nodding slowly. “Okay, what movie?”

“Pick one. I’ll grab some snacks and we can watch.”

He had walked out with a bag of popcorn when he heard it.

The door opened nearly silently, and George grinned at Dream. “Hey Dream. How was wherever you were?”

“It was definitely...eventful. Not necessarily bad, just eventful.”

He was slightly irritated and very confused by that answer, but forced it down with a smile. “Well, me and Sapnap were just about to watch a movie, do you want to join?”

As much as he wanted to do something with Sapnap, he wanted to spend time with both of his boys this week.

His boys. That sounded nice. It sounded right.

“Of course.”

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments are appreciated :) I hope you like the chapter.

Thanks for reading and I’m sorry for the slow update.

Chapter 9 - Dream

Chapter Summary

Dream has a rough night and talks to Sapnap.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading :)

Kudos and comments make my day I swear. And thanks for not giving up on this because y'all are the reason I haven't just given up immediately.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was asleep on him.

George. Was. Asleep. On. Him.

They had just finished the movie when he noticed the small brunet curled into his side was sleeping. The sight had warmed his heart and brought a smile to his face.

Sapnap was looking between the two of them and Dream couldn't recognise the emotion on his face. "Are you going to take him upstairs?"

"What?"

"As much as I'd appreciate a second sleepover, I don't think my neck could take that." Sapnap was rubbing his neck and Dream couldn't tell if he was lying, or if his neck really hurt that bad.

"Okay. I guess I can take him up. Can you just turn the TV off?" Dream didn't wait for an answer, securing the older in his arms and walking towards the room he had claimed, placing the brunet in the bed and forcing himself to put one foot in front of the other and leave the safety of their company.

Red.

That was all he could see.

On his hands, on the floor.

Everywhere.

"Please, please hold on. Don't leave me. I'm sorry. Please don't leave me. I need you. Please. Please. Please." He was chanting the words as he pressed down, trying to keep it in.

Why wasn't it working?

‘Worthless. You can’t even save your own sister.’

He was holding her wrists, trying to keep Drista’s blood inside. It wasn’t working. It wasn’t working. It wasn’t working.

She was dying and he couldn’t do anything to save her once again.

Tears were streaming down his face as her breathing stopped, screaming at her to keep trying, keep her eyes awake, but he could see the moment her green eyes turned glassy and lifeless, letting out another loud, broken sob. He was curled up in a ball, feeling blood all over his body. He was disgusting. He was a bad brother.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” He repeated the sentiment over and over and over and over and over and over until he couldn’t feel anything other than the two small words passing through his lips.

Was he crazy?

Sometimes he couldn’t tell.

Dream woke up with a pained gasp, once again lying in a pile of his own blood and sweat.

The memory pained him, both while he was awake, and in his drea- no, nightmares. The image of his younger sister, dead in the bathroom, was painted on his eyelids, the feeling of failure haunting him constantly. He could still feel the blood on his hands when he focussed, having spent days scrubbing at the skin until he bled, trying to remove what he logically knew wasn’t there.

He took another shaky breath, slowly working on evening out his breath, remembering there were other people in his house. Their house, his mind corrected him.

Had they heard?

No, they couldn’t have. Right?

No one was moving around, so he relaxed slightly, letting himself stand and look at the bedsheets. They didn’t look too bad, and so he figured he could probably leave them for at least another nightmare.

The room was suffocating him, and he stumbled out, moving towards the kitchen; probably louder than he would have been if the panic he had felt wasn’t still clinging to him like a cobweb.

He sat down heavily on a stool, just letting himself sit in the dark, at 4 in the morning on a Monday, thinking.

Dream hated thinking for too long. Thinking led him to do stupid things. So he occupied his mind by thinking about possible video ideas.

He was lost in his own world when a hand touched his shoulder, almost tentatively. He looked up into the confused face of Sapnap, forcing his regular grin.

“Hey, what are you doing downstairs?” Dream stood up and started making hot chocolate for the younger, figuring he wasn’t normally up this early and feeling guilty for having woken him up.

‘Can’t even sit in the dark without doing something wrong you fuck up. You don’t deserve to be alive.’

He agreed.

“I don’t really know. I mean I woke up about 5 minutes ago and I couldn’t go back to sleep, so I was going to watch some TV, but I saw you and so here I am. I figure I’ll go up in about 20 minutes if that’s okay with you?”

Why was he asking for permission? It was as much his house as it was Dream’s.

‘He probably doesn’t want to spend any more time with you than is necessary.’

Of course. That was probably it.

“It’s your house too. You don’t need my permission to stay downstairs Sap.”

“Yeah, but I’m talking to you so- never mind.”

They sat in companionable silence for a few minutes until Dream spoke up again. “Why couldn’t you sleep?”

“It’s a new bed and our stuff is coming tomorrow, or today, I guess, my sleep schedule is pretty shitty too. So I just need to sort myself out this week really.” He was sipping on the hot cocoa, swirling it around his mouth with a small smile on his face. “I haven’t had this shit in so long. My older cousin, Ash, used to make it for me. God, I loved it when we had that. She’s such a nice person, you’d love her. She used to be that awesome cousin that would do all kinds of shit with you and god yes, this cocoa reminds me of her.”

His heart warmed at the grin on the other’s face, and he was certain that was the only expression he ever wanted to see on him. He was so in lo-

What?

No he wasn’t.

That was disgusting there was no way he was-

He couldn’t even say it

No fucking way in hell.

‘Disgusting.’

“Why were you down here Dream?”

He didn’t know why he didn’t just lie like normal, and say he was fine and it was just his sleep schedule. It was too early in the morning and he was feeling too bad to pretend. He was so tired. He just wanted it all to be over. “I had a bad dream. The room was small and I don’t know, I normally come down here when I have one, and I forgot that it could affect you guys and-”

He was cut off by Sapnap touching his face, then drawing back suddenly, refusing to look at Dream enough for the older to figure out what he was thinking. The younger cleared his throat once, twice and then looked at him. “Are you okay?” He could see the concern in the brunet’s eyes and grinned again.

“Yeah.” Once again, he wasn’t lying.

The younger boy nodded. “Well, if you need me next time you have one, you know where I am.”

He did.

Dream was always a lot more honest in the early hours of the morning, and almost everyone he knew had been subjected to one of his 'deep' talks in the morning. But it still surprised him every time he started one.

"Do you ever think you're unloveable?" Dream kicked himself right after he asked that question, seeing Sapnap's eyes widen and quickly getting in a "you don't need to answer that."

"Uh, no, it's fine. I guess I do sometimes. It's not often though, more just after a really bad day or something. In the romantic way, I mean, I think platonically or in any other way I know there are people that already love me and I never really worry about that. But yeah, I mean I'm 19 and I've never had a girlfriend for longer than about a month. And so when I have a bad day I automatically think I'm the problem. It's human nature I think." He looked up at Dream. "Why? And what about you?"

"I don't really know to be honest. It's just something that's been playing on my mind for a while and I don't know I just thought it would be good to talk about it. As in I've just thought about it a few times and I needed to get that off my chest." Bullshit. "But yeah I think the same thing as you most of the time. I mean I'm 21 and I have no people I know that are even options at this point." More bullshit twisted in with the truth. But he had already dug himself deep enough into this hole, he wasn't digging any deeper.

Sapnap hummed, sounding like he didn't believe him. It didn't matter if he believed him or not though. As long as he didn't say anything, Dream was fine.

The younger boy opened his mouth, about to say something, but was interrupted by someone else walking into the kitchen. The oldest was holding a blanket around himself, with his hair ruffled up and his eyes scrunched like he was trying not to get any light into them. "George? Finally come to join the party?"

"I didn't realise there was one." George was looking at them apprehensively and Dream grinned at the oldest, causing his look to turn even more cautious.

"Then why did you come downstairs? Is England time fucking with you?" Dream knew he was right when George's eyebrows raised slightly, the usual sign.

Sometimes it surprised him how well he knew his best friends. They would be doing something and it would randomly hit him that he actually knew these people, well enough to be able to detect minor changes in their expressions and tell what they meant.

"Why are you two down here?" This question seemed aimed at Sapnap and Dream tried not to take any meaning from that. He really did.

'He doesn't want to talk to you.'

"I just couldn't sleep, new place you know? And Dream had a bad dream." Both of them knew there was more to it, but neither wanted to push the blond, in case he pushed them further away. So they settled for staring at him uncomfortably, making him shift from one foot to the other until George spoke again.

"Okay, well, I was going to grab some warm milk and try and go back to sleep. You two should probably do the same." Dream winced at the thought of going back to bed, and although he knew the other two saw it, he was grateful they didn't mention anything, although he did catch the

concerned glances they exchanged.

“Or you two could sleep in my room. It could help me go to sleep because last night I fell asleep really easily.” Sapnap was looking at George trying to convey an unknown message. But Dream silently thanked the boy for not making him feel bad for being relieved. Or being too scared to sleep in his own bed.

‘Fucking wimp.’

“Yeah, sure, let me grab a glass and then I can go up. Your room or mine?” They didn’t even ask Dream if he wanted to come, assuming correctly that there was no point. He would have probably begged right there.

“Mine should work.”

They waited in silence for George to finish, walking back upstairs and into Sapnap’s room.

Dream had furnished the rooms, but it still seemed worse to him at night. The shade looked menacing, but that could have just been his ‘fragile mental state.’

Maybe he really was crazy.

The three of them stood awkwardly at the end of the huge bed, wondering who was going to be in the middle.

Eventually between the other two, it was decided that Dream would take the middle, and he was thankful.

They crawled in, and Dream forced himself to relax as he buried his head in the pillow, itching to reach out and touch the others, but content to just enjoy the warmth of having other people in bed.

He could almost imagine they actually wanted him near them, if only for a second, as he drifted off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I’m thinking about making next chapter just fluff from Sapnap’s PoV with very little angst and not too much plot just because I feel like this story needs a break and it would have a little bit of plot in there, but it wouldn’t be anything major and it’d basically be a calm chapter. So what do you guys think?

Anyways I love kudos and comments and thanks for reading. I love you guys and I hope you enjoyed this chapter :)

OH AND ALSO SOMEONE ASKED ME TO ADD THIS TO A COLLECTION AND I DONT GET WHAT THAT MEANS SO SHOULD I DO IT OR NOT IS IT A BAD THING???

Chapter 10 - Sapnap

Chapter Summary

Fluff. Pure fluff.

Chapter Notes

Holy shit it's reached 10 chapters and there are a fuck load of people reading.

I love replying to comments and seeing kudos, so that's always appreciated.

I'm updating earlier than usual because I'm going to be busy at my normal update time.

Thanks for reading :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

For the second morning in a row, Sapnap woke up warm, his body wrapped around a bigger one.

Dream?

The boy in question was resting his head on George, holding one of Sapnap's hands to his. He looked small and vulnerable, and Sapnap held him tighter, wanting to hold him forever. Dream was a leader, a strong person who never really talked to them about his problems but when he slept he looked young, and Sapnap remembered that he was only 21; only 21 with so much pressure on him.

It was a wonder the man wasn't more fucked up.

He sat up, letting his hand fall into Dream's hair, combing through it as George's eyes began to blink open, noticing first the boy on his chest, and then Sapnap, smiling up at the younger. "Hey." Sapnap had to suppress a shiver at George's voice, his face heating up with embarrassment.

"Hey." He looked down at Dream then back up at George, still pinned beneath the tallest. "What do you want to do today?"

"Well," he swallowed and looked out the window, his usual sign of nervousness, "there were ingredients in Dream's kitchen to make cakes, and I'm not in the mood to go out, so can we just, maybe, I don't know, stay in and watch movies?"

Sapnap grinned. "Thank fuck, I didn't really want to do anything today. I think we deserve a lazy day. And we all need to get back the sleep we lost last night." He looked down at Dream again and the smile slowly slipped off of his face. "I don't know how long he was awake before I came down, and knowing him, he doesn't either."

Before George could say anything, Dream rolled off of his chest, pressing into the warmth that

Sapnap radiated and stretching like a cat. "Mornin' guys." He slurred, closing his eyes again and laying down.

Sapnap let out a small snort, moving his hand to rub up and down the other's back. "I doubt you'll have a problem with it, but we were going to just stay inside today if that's okay with you?"

All he got back was a half asleep acknowledgment, looking back at his phone and letting the boy fall back asleep, which he did do if his slowing breaths were any indication.

They were all sat in bed for about an hour, before George stood up and looked at the other two apologetically. "I can't stay in bed for this long, sorry, I need to do something."

"What d'you wanna do?" Dream was facing the oldest, squinting his eyes against the harsh light of the afternoon sun.

"Well, I saw you have the ingredients to make cupcakes in your kitchen and so I figured we could do that and watch some movies? But I need a shower. And, not to be rude, but you guys do too. You fucking stink."

Dream had tensed up so slightly that Sapnap wouldn't have known had he not been practically hugging the older. He frowned, confused, but pushed that piece of information away for later. No point in thinking too hard about it now.

"Okay, I'll go to my room and shower and you two should do the same. We can start baking in maybe 20 minutes?"

They all agreed, leaving towards their separate rooms as Sapnap stayed in the bed, suddenly cold.

He forced himself out of bed, stumbling towards the shower and turning the water up until it was scalding, almost burning him. He let it wash over him, letting his mind drift as he showered, thinking about the other two people in the house.

He probably shouldn't have been as happy as he was when they all ended up in his room. Dream looked just as relieved, not that it made him feel much better.

Well, that was a lie. It sent a jolt through him and warmed his heart in a way he'd never felt before, and would never admit he'd ever felt. Because when his mind told him what that was, he'd felt embarrassed with himself. They wouldn't want to be friends with him if they knew he was g-

That was another thing to deal with later. Preferably never.

He turned off the shower, walking into his room and drying his hair, pulling out the last set of clothes he'd bought. They really needed their shit, and it didn't help that the company kept texting them talking about 'delays' and saying their stuff would be there the next day.

Sapnap walked out, seeing Dream's door cracked open and briefly looked in, jumping away guiltily immediately.

Dream had been looking in the mirror, about to pull his towel off, and Sapnap was horrified by the little voice screaming in his mind to 'stay, it's not like Dream would know anyway'.

The youngest walked downstairs as fast as he could, practically tripping on the last step, and saw George grabbing the ingredients.

"Do you know when Dream is coming down?" The older didn't face him, and Sapnap was curious

about how he had known which one of them it was.

“Probably 2 minutes. He just had to put some clothes on last time I checked.” His face turned red at his wording and George turned around to face him, not saying a word, just raising one eyebrow.

Dream entered the room seconds later and looked at their faces, frowning. “What did I miss?”

Sapnap coughed, clearing his throat again. He really needed to stop doing that when he lied. “It was nothing.”

Dream looked unconvinced, and Sapnap could see an emotion he couldn’t name barely visible on the older’s face, but he nodded and moved towards George. “I haven’t done any coo-baking in ages. I’ll probably suck so bad at it.”

Sapnap took in a quick breath at the slip up. What?

One more thing in the ‘think about later’ list.

“I’m sure you’ll be fine Dream.”

Famous last words.

They were not fine.

By any stretch of the imagination.

About half an hour later, they had established that neither Dream, nor Sapnap, had any idea how to bake.

At all.

“Dream why the fuck would it make sense to put a metal spoon in the fucking microwave? Are you trying to kill us?” George looked thoroughly done with them both. While he was relatively clean, at some point Sapnap had spilt flour over not just him, but Dream too. Obviously Dream had retaliated by throwing melted butter at the younger and laughing at the horrified squeal that promised war.

Now they were both stood, in front of the smallest boy, heads facing the ground as he berated them. It would have been funny if the oldest wasn’t terrifying when he was pissed.

“And Sapnap, fucking hell, how did you read 2 eggs as 12? Do I need to take you back to kindergarten?”

Dream let out a small chuckle, immediately silenced by a glare from the oldest. They could both see the small smile pulling at George’s lips, that he was forcing himself to keep off of his face as he told them off.

“Sapnap you idiot, you suck at cooking. How can you be that bad?” Dream whispered at the youngest as soon as George was out of earshot.

“Shut the fuck up Dream. You don’t even know how microwaves work dumbass. You can’t say anything about my kitchen skills.” Sapnap hissed back, scrunching his face up as Dream pouted at him.

“Georgie, Sapnap just called me a dumbass.” Sapnap gasped at the older.

“Fucking traitor.” He scowled and pinched the blond in the side.

“You probably deserved it. You can’t use a microwave.” Dream’s mouth opened at George’s reply, opening and closing like a fish. Sapnap burst out laughing at him, tears leaking out of his eyes as Dream turned slightly pink. “You too Sapnap. You can’t fucking read. At least Dream would have reached first grade.”

They both just stood in shocked silence as the oldest continued moving around the room, still baking. Dream recovered himself first. “Is there at least anything I can do to help?”

George gave him his best ‘are you an idiot’ look. “No, I would appreciate the kitchen coming out of this intact. As it is,” he glanced over at the ruined cake mix with a look of pure disgust, “I’m pretty sure the cake mix is ruined and Sapnap,” he glared at the youngest, “used up all of our eggs. So if you two could just set up some movies I’ll clear this mess up and come out.”

Sapnap grabbed Dream by the wrist and pulled him into the sitting room. “George is a little bitch. Let’s watch something really shitty.”

“I don’t think I’ve watched the Barbie movies for a long time. I think that George would enjoy watching them.” The older gave him a grin, handing him the remote and settling down on the sofa.

“Me neither. I think it’s the perfect film for a ‘movie night with the homies.’” Dream choked on air at the name.

“Please, please, fucking please never call it that again.”

Sapnap grinned at the older, patting his head the way you would a dog. “I’ll take that into consideration Dreamy Boy.”

Dream head butted his hand, shaking his head at the youngest and moving to the other sofa. “I hate you so much.”

“Nah, you know you love me.”

The blond rolled his eyes fondly, sitting back on the other couch with the brunet and resting his head on his shoulder.

Sapnap had noticed how touchy Dream was, and felt bad for the man, who had lived alone for at least 3 years. From what he’d said, he rarely saw his parents, and hadn’t had a conversation with them in a while.

Sapnap was certain there was more to it than that, but he had been wrong before.

“When will George come back? He said he would be out soon.” Sapnap whined, tightening the arm that had made its way around the blond leaning on him.

“I would go and ask him, but I don’t want to have the small man yell at me for ages.” Sapnap snickered at that.

“Fuck you.” George walked in.

Wait what?

“Dream said it.” Sapnap said immediately, ignoring the betrayed look that came from Dream.

“Thanks a lot fuckface. I thought we were in this together. Bros before hoes and all that.” Dream

seemed to forget about George for a minute, face suddenly becoming more scared as he remembered the small angry brunet in the room.

“Did you just call me a fucking hoe?” George sighed and rolled his eyes as Dream scooted away, pushing himself into Sapnap’s side. “Protect me from the scary short thing.”

Sapnap snorted again, and even George had a hard time suppressing the smile on his face. “Start the movie Sap. I can’t deal with you two anymore.”

Dream started giggling as the movie came on and George let out a frustrated growl. The noise coming from the blond warmed Sapnap’s heart and he sighed happily, staring at the two of them from the corners of his eye.

“What the fuck is this?” George looked so annoyed that it sent Dream into another fit of giggles.

The blond was so fucking adorable sometimes it made Sapnap’s heart hurt. What? That wasn’t-

Oh well, he could add that to the list of things to think about later.

“You’re outvoted Gogy, sorry. Two people do want to watch this. Only one doesn’t. So by the power of democracy, we are all going to watch a barbie movie.”

George frowned and glared at them, but he sat down on Dream’s other side, pulling the tallest into his chest and smiling at the small yelp he heard.

Both of them knew he was a clingy person, and so they settled into the movie, the way it always seemed to be now, Dream in the middle and the two of them on his sides.

Chapter End Notes

Okay wow I wrote that in about 2 hours and it’s 2000 words long. Someone wrote on their fic that writing 3000 took weeks so I’m kind of proud of myself now.

Tell me if there are any mistakes because I may have missed some given I wrote this faster than normal so I have something to update today.

Sorry if this is worse than normal I honestly can never tell how good it will be.

I actually love writing this fic and you guys’ comments make me want to write more so thanks :)

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated, and see you next time :)

Thanks for reading <3

Chapter 11 - Dream

Chapter Summary

More Jasper.

Chapter Notes

I realise now that I should never try and write while I listen to really catchy songs because I've been trying to write for hours and I've only really been writing for a couple hours.

And I have a huge project that I need to do that's due in 2 days and I haven't started so I'm screwed

But here's a new chapter :)

And as always kudos and comments are appreciated.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream woke up alone in his bed. Although that wasn't unusual, it was oddly colder and he missed the warmth his two friends generated.

Someone knocked on the door and he pulled on some pants and a hoodie, opening it and grinning at George.

"You really need to fix your sleep schedule Dream. Me and Sapnap have been up for hours." George looked slightly irritated and Dream felt guilt and disappointment settling in his stomach.

"Oh...I'm sorry."

"Yeah whatever. We're going to the movies later, get dressed and come downstairs please." George flashed a quick grin at the younger, turning and walking back downstairs and laughing at something Sapnap said.

That hurt Dream more than he'd ever admit.

He quickly showered, picking at the cut on his side until it was bleeding. Of course George would be mad at him, he was wasting their time. They probably felt obligated to spend time with him, there was no way they could actually want to.

'They don't want to be rude to you. They don't want you there they're just too polite to say it.'

He climbed out of the shower, too tired of everything to clean the reopened cuts, grabbing a set of clothes and pulling them on. Dream jumped when he heard a frustrated yell from Sapnap's bedroom and then a knock on his door.

“Yeah?” He opened it to Sapnap, looking up at him with an annoyed look that he could tell wasn’t aimed at him.

“I haven’t got any fucking clothes left. Can I have some of yours?” He only then noticed that the younger was wearing the same hoodie as yesterday.

“Sure. Anything specific?” He opened the door for the smaller boy and pulled him inside, towards the cupboard and rifling through the collection of plain T-shirts, hoodies, sweatpants and jeans.

“We’re going to the cinema so anything comfy.” Dream nodded, looking for the smallest clothes he had to fit the younger boy and throwing them at him.

He left and Dream grabbed his phone, checking through Twitter and seeing a message from an unknown number.

J:hey pretty boy

J:guess who

Dream rolled his eyes, grinning at the text.

D:hot stalker man

D:it’s been a while

D:found someone better to follow?

J:better than you?

J:never

The blond snorted, gaining the attention of George who walked over to grab his phone. “Does Dreamy boy have a girl?”

The smile dropped off of his face when George mentioned a girl, suddenly remembering how disgusting he was and holding his phone higher in the air, forcing a grin. “I’m scrolling through Twitter dumbass.”

George stared at him for a few seconds, with some unknown emotion just below the smile on his face, before nodding and walking away, back to Sapnap sat at the table.

D:well I’m glad

D:it’s good to have a view every time I go outside

Dream didn’t check the reply as Sapnap stood up, grabbing the keys. “Come on, the movie starts in 20 minutes.”

“Sure.” Dream walked out, feeling the pain of the cuts he’d already opened and smiling wider, sliding in the backseat, which seemed to be his place now, and closing his eyes.

“How are you tired dude? You literally came upstairs at 2 in the morning and slept until 2 in the afternoon.” Sapnap was looking at him in the mirror, and Dream held back a wince.

Last night had been really bad, and he’d only managed to get about an hour of sleep overall. “I don’t know, I just have a weird sleep schedule.” He raised his eyebrows at the younger. “Why does it matter to you?”

“Because I want your dumbass out of bed at some point in the morning so we aren’t only able to do things in the afternoon.”

Oh.

Guilt curled in his stomach as Dream pursed his lips, glancing out of the window before looking back at Sapnap. "I guess I could try and get up at 11. Sure."

The younger boy nodded, going back to his conversation with George.

They pulled up at the cinema, Dream opening the door and waiting for the other two. He checked his phone again and grinned.

J:always happy to be told I'm hot by my pretty boy

He checked no one was looking at him before replying.

D:you thought I was talking about you?

D:that's embarrassing

He waited a few second and saw Jasper typing.

J:stop being mean or I'm going to demote you from my pretty boy to a pretty boy

J:and of course you were talking about me I'm hot as fuck

D:no I'll be nice I promise

D:cocky much?

The two of them had walked over to him and he grinned, turning his phone off. "What are we watching?"

"George said that we ruined yesterday's movie night so he gets to choose. And he decided on that freaky horror film that's been in the cinemas recently."

Dream felt his stomach drop at that. The blood...it was never a good idea for him to watch them.

But before he could say anything they had walked into the cinema, making him jog to catch up.

They immediately slid into their seats, and Dream sat on the end of the row, thankful that a toilet was only a few metres away from him should he need it.

The two of them on his left were talking quietly, and he pulled out his phone again.

J:why? You want it?

He burst out laughing and quickly replied to the older.

D:yes

D:why was that even a question

Dream tucked his phone in his pocket as the movie started. His stomach rumbled, reminding him he hadn't eaten in ages, but he ignored it like usual, losing himself in the horror that was on the screen.

The blond could see Sapnap jumping and hiding his face in George's neck, ignoring the sadness that he couldn't understand at the action. Their hands were linked in between them.

Every time the screen freaked him out, he forced himself to look away, praying to anything that would listen that nothing in the movie would send him into a panic attack.

They had nearly finished, and Dream could feel the tight ball of anxiety in his chest starting to loosen when it happened.

One of the characters had blood pouring out of their wrists, and another was pressing down, yelling to try and keep her awake.

His mind was playing the same night over in his head. “Drista please.” Was repeating over and over as he stood up on shaky legs, forcing himself towards the bathroom after telling the other two he’d ‘be out in a minute’. He doubted they heard him. Or cared.

He didn’t blame them.

He was pathetic.

At the moment, Dream was on the floor, fumbling for his phone as his breathing sped up, trying to text the only person he thought could help at the moment.

He ignored Jasper’s previous text.

D:Jasp hlp te

Dream was hoping the older boy was going to reply soon, and could understand his text.

J:Dream? Are you okay?

He hit the call button, not exactly sure if it would be picked up, but immensely relieved when it was.

“Dream? What’s wrong?” Jasper sounded really concerned, but the blond didn’t care at the moment because he couldn’t breathe. His chest hurt and he was gasping and he couldn’t breathe and he kept hearing her screaming and he wasn’t okay.

He wasn’t okay.

The black haired boy seemed to hear his gasping through the phone and caught on relatively quickly. “Okay Dream, I’m going to need you to focus on my voice. You’re safe, you’re okay. Can you breathe for me?” As he focussed on the other boy’s exaggerated breathing, his slowly began to even out. “Yeah, that’s really good.”

About 4 minutes later, they were both sat in silence, Dream calm enough to not be crying anymore, when Jasper asked the dreaded question. “What was that about?”

Dream sighed, pushing a hand through his hair. “I was dragged into watching a horror movie.” There was a sharp intake of breath from Jasper. “One of the characters had their wrists slit and the whole scene reminded me of...” he trailed off, knowing the other knew what he wasn’t saying.

“Oh. Shit.” Yeah. Shit. He would have laughed at how pathetic he was if it wasn’t still so raw. “Do you want me to come and pick you up? We can do something that’ll calm you down.”

He felt bad for abandoning his best friends, but he needed it. And he was basically third-wheeling anyways. It wasn’t like they’d miss him.

‘No one would ever miss you.’

“Yeah. If you don’t mind. I think I need that today.”

They left the call and Dream walked back into the cinema, seeing the film was over and his friends were waiting for him.

“What were you doing? Drowning yourself?” George looked the younger up and down before walking away, Sapnap right behind him.

“A friend is picking me up.” He expected the reaction, but he still felt bad when his friends looked annoyed at him.

“I thought we were spending time together Dream. Why are you leaving us dude? You literally took a week off to spend time with us.”

It was on the tip of his tongue to say they wouldn't miss him, but he didn't want to dig himself any deeper, and Jasper had just texted to say he was 30 seconds away. So instead he just stared at them, until Jasper walked over.

“It's him?” Sapnap seemed to recognise the delivery boy, and from that George also appeared to. He didn't know how George knew about him, but that was something to think about later.

An emotion that could only be named as jealousy was apparent on both of their faces. Why were they jealous?

Jasper seemed to know something he didn't, pushing him towards the car. “Can you get in please?” He smiled at the younger as Dream nodded, closing the door and resting his head against the window, seeing Jasper say something to them that had them glancing up at him in worry, before Jasper came back.

“What did you say to them?” Dream asked, looking at the older as he started to drive to what he assumed was his house.

“It doesn't matter. What do you want to do? I'm thinking a movie marathon and ice cr-”he cut himself off before he could say something wrong.

“Yeah a movie marathon sounds awesome.” Dream just wanted a distraction from the day.

They drove back in silence, Dream nearly falling asleep.

“Well, we're here.” Jasper announced, causing Dream to look up at the house in front of them. It looked...nice. And he told Jasper that, earning him a small chuckle.

They somehow ended up on the sofa for the next few hours, just lying together and watching movies.

Dream was starting to feel oddly sick, the cuts in his side burning more than they usually did when they were healing, but he ignored it, once again losing himself in the movie.

“Dream? Dream.” Jasper was tapping him and he shook his head slightly, opening his eyes (when had they closed?) and looking at the older. The blond had his face buried in the older's shoulder, and the light caused him to squint.

“What?”

“As adorable as you look right now pretty boy, I don't want your friends to think that I've taken you, and it's 10 at night, so I should probably take you home now.” Jasper was smiling at the blond, and he grinned back.

“Do you have to?” He didn’t want to go back. They were probably annoyed at him. And they had every right to be. He was an asshole.

“Yeah. Get up or I’ll carry you.”

3 minutes later, Jasper was carrying a half asleep Dream to his car, bucking the younger in as if he was a child, before sliding into the other side.

What felt like seconds later but was probably a solid half hour later, Dream was being shaken awake again, this time less annoyed to be woken up.

“Seriously, I’m not carrying you in there. I reckon your ‘friends’ hate me enough already.” He was confused by the emphasis that had been placed on the word friends, but opted to ask a different question.

“Why?”

Jasper started laughing, and ruffled his hair affectionately. “You really don’t understand the effect you have on people pretty boy. I’m sure you’ll figure it out soon enough.”

Before Dream could say anything else, he had left, and Dream was walking up his driveway and opening the door.

The house seemed oddly quiet, and he saw Sapnap and George sat silently, solemnly, at the counter, both lost in thought. It looked like Sapnap had been crying.

What?

He tried at humour. “Who died?”

Chapter End Notes

Okay I have like 2 chapters planned out after this and I really don’t know how long it’s going to end up being so that’s cool.

Kudos and comments are appreciated.

Thanks for reading :)

Chapter 12 - Sapnap

Chapter Summary

Kind of necessary sorry.

Chapter Notes

I can't figure out if people want me to write smut or not ngl I'd appreciate it if people could tell me.

Kudos and comments are appreciated :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap was normally an early person. Early to arrive to places, early to start doing new things and of course an early riser.

That was why he was watching the minutes tick, painfully slowly, from 6:44 to the 7:23 he was at now.

It felt wrong being up alone, and as much as he wanted to get up, he didn't have the urge to do it.

Until there was a knock on his door.

He stood up, walked over and opened the door to see a tired George. He would never admit it out loud, but George looked cute.

Fuck that, he looked downright adorable.

His hair was messy, and he was staring at Sapnap and the younger felt a weird tingly thing in his heart that he wasn't going to think about too hard.

"Yeah?" He raised an eyebrow, smiling as the older's face turned pink.

"I didn't want to go downstairs alone and you seem like a morning person. Sorry if I woke you up." He swallowed and looked away.

"You didn't, it's fine. Let's go." Sapnap didn't miss the relieved sigh, choosing not to say anything.

The oldest followed him down the stairs as he grabbed some cereal, putting it into two bowls and eating.

"Is that really the first thing you do in the morning? Eat? And cereal?" George looked somewhat disgusted, and Sapnap had to suppress a smile.

"I can think of something I'd rather eat." He licked his lips and smirked, letting out a quiet snicker at how red George's face went.

“Well I’m down for that anytime.” This time his face went pink and George started laughing.

“Shut up.” He looked down at his cereal and George snorted, shaking his head and grabbing the other bowl. “What do you want to do today?”

He thought for a few seconds. “Well, I want to go to the cinema.”

“Okay. But I choose the movie because you two fuckers decided to watch the barbie movie.”

That was a bad thing. Very bad. “So what movie were you thinking of?” He asked tentatively, immediately alarmed by the laugh he got in return.

“There’s a horror film I’ve been wanting to watch for a while.” George grinned at the younger, seeing the fear on his face.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

“That’s...great?” He sounded wary even to himself and George burst out laughing.

They sat on the couch watching TV for the next few hours, until George sat up. “Okay it’s 2 in the afternoon. I’m waking Dream up. I swear why does he sleep in so late?”

It had been frustrating Sapnap too, but he figured that if Dream could sleep in that late he probably needed it.

George had stomped upstairs, and Sapnap didn’t hear what they said. “Come upstairs and get dressed. We’re leaving in 15 minutes.”

Sapnap was about to reach his cupboard when he remembered he had no clothes. “Fuck.” He groaned, letting out a frustrated yell.

When Sapnap knocked, Dream answered the door slightly wet, and Sapnap was not proud of how long it took him to force himself to look away from the blond’s abs. His rock hard, perfectly sculpted, model like-

“Yeah?” He startled and looked up at the blond with a smile.

“I haven’t got any fucking clothes left. Can I have some of yours?” Dream seemed to realise something and nodded.

“Sure. Anything specific?” He opened the door for the smaller boy and pulling him inside, towards the cupboard and rifling through the collection of plain T-shirts, hoodies, sweatpants and jeans.

“We’re going to the cinema so anything comfy.” Dream nodded, looking for the smallest clothes he had to fit the younger boy and throwing them at him.

The brunet was still way too small for them, but he pulled them up, walking outside and seeing Dream stood by the banister, holding his phone away from George.

“-Twitter dumbass.”

George stared at him for a few seconds, with jealousy (jealousy?) masked by the smile on his face, before nodding and walking away, back to Sapnap sat at the table downstairs that he’d walked down to. He didn’t bother asking what that was about.

Sapnap stood up, grabbing the keys. “Come on, the movie starts in 20 minutes.”

“Sure.” Dream walked out, smiling wider, sliding in the backseat, which seemed to be his place now, and closing his eyes. He noticed that the older hadn’t eaten anything.

“How are you tired dude? You literally came upstairs at 2 in the morning and slept until 2 in the afternoon.” Sapnap was looking at him in the mirror, slightly annoyed with the older.

He seemed to think about it for a second longer than should have been necessary. “I don’t know, I just have a weird sleep schedule.” He raised his eyebrows at the younger. “Why does it matter to you?”

“Because I want your dumbass out of bed at some point in the morning so we aren’t only able to do things in the afternoon.” The youngest felt bad immediately as he saw Dream’s face fall.

“I guess I could try and get up at 11. Sure.”

Sapnap went back to the conversation he had been having with the oldest, glancing back at Dream, occasionally, concerned.

They pulled up, Dream jumping out immediately to check his phone and grinning. The youngest vaguely wondered what he was looking at, before ultimately deciding it wasn’t his business and he didn’t care.

“What are we watching?”

“George said that we ruined yesterday’s movie night so he gets to choose. And he decided on that freaky horror film that’s been in the cinemas recently.” Sapnap almost laughed at the look of fear and disgust on Dream’s face.

George had started walking, so Sapnap followed him, making sure Dream was behind them.

They slid into the seats, and once again Dream was laughing at his phone as the two of them spoke.

Sapnap was somewhat annoyed, but he figured there was no point in saying anything and starting an unnecessary argument.

“Do you know what he keeps looking at?”

The older shrugged, looking over at the blond. “I thought we were going to spend time as a group, but I don’t know, I guess he doesn’t want to?”

They were still talking as the movie started, Sapnap settling into his seat as the usual dread started. “Fuck I don’t want to watch this.” He muttered, hearing George snort next to him.

Long story short, the movie sucked.

Every few seconds, Sapnap ended up with his face in the oldest’s shoulder, trying not to cry at the movie. At some point his hand had ended up within George’s, squeezing so tight he was surprised that he hadn’t said anything.

He whimpered into the oldest’s neck and received a sympathetic hand on his back, rubbing soothingly. “Sorry. I forgot how much you hate these. I didn’t realise it’d be this bad sorry.”

He didn’t reply, trying to ignore the movie playing in the background.

It was nearly the end, and he had turned himself around to watch the movie when Dream left. Sapnap wasn’t sure whether to follow him or not, uncertain of if it was just him going to the toilet

or something worse.

Eventually George's hand on his thigh made him decide not to go. Dream was probably fine. And he wouldn't appreciate Sapnap going in and annoying him while he was peeing.

It was the end of the movie and Sapnap was concerned when Dream still hadn't come back. When he finally did, Sapnap wasn't sure if he was annoyed at the older or worried for him.

"What were you doing? Drowning yourself?" George was definitely more angry. He was walking away and Sapnap followed him, not sure what to do.

"A friend is picking me up." What the fuck? Hadn't they all come here together? Was that why he was in the toilet for so long? Fucking hell.

"I thought we were spending time together Dream. Why are you leaving us dude? You literally took a week off to spend time with us." George voiced his thoughts, and Sapnap looked at the older.

Someone walked over and Dream seemed to recognise him. It took a few seconds to click in Sapnap's mind, but he remembered the delivery boy as well. "It's him?"

He felt jealous, and was sure the other two could see it on his face. Why was he jealous?

Jasper lightly pushed Dream towards the car. "Can you get in please?" He smiled at the younger as Dream nodded, closing the door as Jasper turned to face them.

"Please don't be angry at him. Today has been kind of fucked up. And he needed this. Just-just trust me."

They both looked at Dream in the car, concerned, but before they could say anything Jasper was inside, talking to Dream.

"What the..." George looked at the younger and he nodded, just as confused.

"Let's just go home Gogy. No point thinking too hard. I'm sure Dream will talk to us at some point." Neither of them were going to say out loud that they doubted it, but they drove home in silence, both lost in their own thoughts.

When they arrived, they were both just sat under a blanket, watching a movie as George ran his fingers through Sapnap's hair. He was almost asleep when a phone call made him jump.

"That's yours." George said. He hummed, declining and trying to get back into the calm state he was in before the interruption.

It rung again.

And again.

And again.

"What do you want?" He didn't check the number, frustrated that someone kept calling. He knew something was wrong when he heard crying on the other end.

"Sap, sweetie, it's Ash."

What the fuck?

“What happened to her?” Was he being stupid? Should he already know what she was talking about?

“She-she was in a car crash.” His aunt was trying not to cry as she delivered the news.

What? No, no, no, no, no.

“How bad?” Please don’t be what he thought. There was no way. No. She was only 30. There was no way-

“She’s gone.”

He hung up the phone, chanting ‘no, no, no’ as George stood up, wrapping him in a hug even though he had no clue what was going on.

“Fuck-George.” He let himself cry into the older’s shoulder, feeling a hand rubbing his back. “She’s-she’s dead.”

George still probably didn’t know what was happening, but to his credit he hugged him tighter. Sapnap appreciated it.

They were lying on the sofa for what felt like hours, Sapnap crying as his mind tried to make sense of it.

She couldn’t be dead. He had spoken to her only this morning. No. No. No. There had to be a mistake. It couldn’t be her. She couldn’t have-

He couldn’t even think the word.

“Please, why her? She shouldn’t have been-” another round of hiccuping sobs stopped him from finishing that sentence, and somehow he had ended up in George’s lap at some point.

After another half hour, he had cried himself out, and George picked him up, moving towards the kitchen and placing him down in a chair.

He started making hot chocolate, and that almost set Sapnap off again.

Well, it would have if he hadn’t been crying for hours already.

His mind still couldn’t comprehend it. What the fuck what the fuck what the fuck.

Maybe there was a mis-

He didn’t dare let himself hope.

Where the fuck was Dream? He wanted to hug the older, as annoyed as he was he just wanted to watch movies with his two best friends until he slept and could forget about...this.

Finally he heard Dream open the door, calling their names. Neither of them replied.

He walked into the kitchen, his face wrinkling up in the cute way it usually did when he was confused. What was he thinking?

Dream eventually decided on something to say, looking between to two of them.

“Who died?”

Chapter End Notes

It's weird but I want to read my work without knowing what's happening or that I wrote it to see how good it is.

I literally wrote this in an hour so that's cool.

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated

Thanks for reading :)

Chapter 13 - Dream

Chapter Summary

Angst.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this in an hour sorry

I swear I wrote a chapter yesterday (or two days ago now) and Ao3 hates me and so it changed the update date to the 2nd? What the fuck?

Is it like that when you guys click on the tags??? Because it still says I last updated May 2 and I literally updated yesterday...

Kudos and comments are appreciated :)

Thanks for reading

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Social cues were a funny thing. Dream had never really learnt to read them too well, so he was almost always at a loss when it came to other people.

For once, he wasn't confused in the slightest.

Sapnap's face immediately teared up more, and George seemed to turn red with anger, standing up and stalking over to him, grabbing his arm with an iron grip and pulling him out as he winced.

What had he said?

"You fucking dumbass. You couldn't have been a little bit more sensitive or not said the most idiotic thing you could have? What the fuck Dream? That's low, even for you." George was glaring at the younger, and Dream practically flinched away from the scathing look. "His cousin died."

Oh.

Shit.

Sapnap had walked out and Dream could barely look at him. "I'm so fucking sorry Sap. Family members dying is always hard."

Double shit. He didn't mean to say that.

Neither of them seemed to notice anything, but Sapnap seemed to be annoyed by what he'd said. Why?

“Stop fucking acting like you understand what I’m feeling Dream. I’m sorry if your great grandma died before you were born or something but you don’t have a fucking clue what I’m going through. I don’t need you to act like you do.”

Sapnap didn’t mean it. He was angry. He was upset.

He didn’t mean it. He didn’t mean it. He didn’t mean it.

‘You know he did.’

“Maybe...maybe it’d be best if I left you two alone for the night?” Dream tried to pretend he wasn’t hurt when neither of them said he shouldn’t leave.

He failed miserably.

“Maybe you should.” He swallowed at Sapnap’s harsh words.

‘You deserve it.’

Tears were burning in his eyes as he walked out but he wouldn’t - no couldn’t - let them fall. Deep breaths.

In.

Out.

In.

Out.

When he’d composed himself outside a few minutes later, he phoned the only person who would take him in now.

He had fucked up and he didn’t deserve it, but Jasper picked up on the second ring. “Did you forget something?”

“Hello to you too.”

Jasper seemed to know something was wrong and Dream could hear his frown over the phone. “What happened?”

“Can I stay over at yours tonight?” He was holding back tears once again, digging his nails into his already burning side to keep them away.

“What the fuck did they do to y-” Jasper had grabbed his keys and Dream heard the door swing shut from over the phone.

“No, no. It was my fault. They did nothing. I was an idiot don’t be mad at them Jas.” Dream interrupted Jasper, feeling his face heat up at the nickname. Jas? Where the fuck did that come from.

“I’m sure it wasn’t your fault. But okay. I’ll be there in 3.” Dream wasn’t going to admit the relief he felt hearing that.

Dream’s side was aching more than it had been in the morning, and he looked down at the cut. It was bright red and inflamed, with what looked like pus leaking out of it.

That wasn't good.

Oh well, it was probably going to heal itself. He had seen worse. There was no need to worry about it.

But he was still thinking about it as he climbed into Jasper's car.

"Pretty boy. It's been a while." Jasper grinned flirtatiously at him, and Dream smirked.

"Too long. But I was expecting you to give me dinner before you take me to bed."

"That can always be arranged, pretty boy."

They fell into comfortable silence, Dream thinking about the two back at home. What were they doing? Was Sapnap okay?

Of course he wasn't okay. What kind of a question was that? His cousin had died.

They pulled up outside Jasper's house, and Dream walked in wordlessly, lying down on the sofa and sighing.

"Okay. What happened? You didn't sound good when you called me, and to be completely honest, you still look like shit."

"Well thanks." He snorted at the look of embarrassment on Jasper's face.

"That's not what I meant and you know it. You'll always be my pretty boy." Dream choked on a laugh.

"What the fuck?" He was laughing at the older, who was grinning fondly at him.

"Spill."

"Well, you left, and I walked in, and Sapnap and George were sat in the kitchen. Neither of them were talking, right, and it just seemed sort of sad. So I asked 'who died'."

Jasper seemed to sense where this was going, wincing.

"Yeah. George basically called me a dumbass and Sapnap said I had no idea what it was like to lose a family member and I said I should leave and they said that was probably best. So here I am."

The black haired boy was looking at Dream. "You haven't told them about your family?"

"It was none of their business."

"I'm not saying it was, I just think they'll feel really bad when they find out." If they find out, not when. Dream wasn't intending on telling them any time soon. "But that wasn't your fault. I mean yeah it was probably the worst thing you could have said at that moment, but you didn't know and they reacted pretty poorly. But I can also understand that they're both sort of emotional and you weren't there all afternoon, so George would be protective and Sapnap would be plain pissed."

'Your fault.'

Jasper seemed to know what he was thinking and shook his head. "I'm saying it's none of your faults. I mean you all did something shitty without realising. None of you are to blame."

Dream nodded, not really believing him and sighed. "Can I just go to bed?"

"I promised you dinner didn't I?" Dream looked up at Jasper, panicked, and Jasper realised what he was thinking. "Holy shit, I was going to cook something simple and healthy. And you don't need to eat if you don't want to. You just haven't eaten in a while, and fainting in front of your friends wouldn't be smart."

He couldn't argue with that logic. But he still shouldn't eat. He was too fat, and unhealthy, and he couldn't eat because that wasn't right.

"Please? Try? Then you can go to bed and we'll watch movies until you fall asleep; but what you're doing is unhealthy and unsafe Dream."

He thought for a bit longer, before nodding tentatively and letting himself be led towards the kitchen.

Fear was pulling at his lungs as he watched Jasper cook, but he let himself have a simple conversation with the older.

"Yeah, and so that's basically how I ended up naked in the public library on Christmas."

Dream snorted at Jasper, looking at the black haired boy's red face. "I can't deal with you. Why would you even-"

"They said I wouldn't. I would literally do anything if someone dared me to."

Dream laughed again, the knot in his stomach loosening, and he hadn't noticed it.

When the pain in his stomach subsided, he could feel the pain in his side much more. Why was it so painful? That definitely wasn't normal. He could check it out tomorrow.

"Are you okay?" Dream looked up to meet the older's concerned gaze.

"Yeah, why?" He could guess at what the other boy was going to say before he even opened his mouth.

"You look kind of hot."

"I always look hot Jas. I thought you already knew that." He saw the small smile the older was forcing down and grinned.

"You know what I mean. And yeah, of course you're hot pretty boy. Why else would I have given you that name?"

He snorted, laughter dying off as the food was placed in front of him in a bowl. It was soup. There was no harm in him eating a little bit. That was healthy. Right?

'Not healthy enough.'

Jasper was watching him as he held a spoonful near his face, thinking harder than he should have been.

Finally he managed to swallow it, almost bringing it back up before he remembered that fainting in front of his friends was not one of the things he particularly wanted to do.

He needed to eat. Just enough that he wouldn't pass out.

About half way through the bowl, his breathing was starting to speed up, and he pushed it away clumsily, standing up and walking into a different room. Jasper followed right behind him, wrapping his arms around the younger, who leant into the touch, breath hitching as he started to relax.

“You did really well Dream. I’m proud of you. You’re okay now. I promise. You’re okay.” He let Jasper whisper nice things to him as he calmed down.

He wasn’t going to do that again anytime soon.

“Can we just go to bed?”

Jasper seemed to consider the washing up for a few seconds before nodding. “Okay.”

Somehow it was agreed between the two of them without speaking that Dream shouldn’t sleep in his own separate room (Dream was grateful; he doubted he could have asked for that himself).

Dream finally fell asleep half an hour later, happy and warm in Jasper's bed.

“Dream? Dream? I need you to wake up for me.” There was a cool hand on his forehead and he pushed into it, groaning. Why couldn't he just sleep? He was so hot, and really tired. “I know you want to sleep, but I need to take you home before this gets too bad. I don’t want your friends to worry.” Worry about what?

The words sounded like they were coming from underwater. His face was burning.

“Pretty boy, please get up. I need to take you home.” Jasper sounded frustrated. Why was the hot man frustrated?

“As flattered as I am that you think I’m hot, I really want to get you home and I don’t want to have to carry you for the second time in 24 hours.”

Did he say that out loud?

“Fuck, he’s so out of it.” He heard the black haired man mutter, before he was picked up, wriggling as close to the warm body holding him as he could, suddenly freezing cold. He was shivering and burning and freezing.

Maybe he was dying.

He smiled bitterly at the thought, probably looking mad to anyone who was looking at him.

He was placed down in a seat in a van, and as cold air started hitting his face, he seemed become more lucid. “Holy shit what just...”

“You’re sick. And I’m going to guess your side is infected from the huge mess that I uncovered beneath the bandages.” Oh. So he saw that. That wasn't good. What was he thinking? Dream was frustrated by the fact that he couldn't read any emotion off of the older man's face. Was he disgusted? His thoughts were spiralling, slowly getting worse as the time dragged on.

‘Your scars are ugly.’

Jasper seemed to know what he was thinking. “I'm not saying your scars are ugly pretty boy, the infected, bright red one, that’s leaking the yellow shit? That's not supposed to happen when something is healing.”

Oh.

He wasn't sure how long it was before he had reached his house, and Jasper was coming round to presumably pick him up again.

"I can walk." He wasn't a fucking child. He could do things for himself.

Jasper looked uncertain but he let the younger boy climb out of the car, staying close by as he walked over to the door.

Dream felt like he was going to keel over ever time his foot hit the ground. His vision was swimming and his head hurt and everything hurt and he was on fire but he was freezing and he wasn't okay.

They knocked on the door and Jasper was talking to his friends.

When had they arrived? Holy shit he was out of it.

"-he needs it-"

Dream was hearing snatches of the conversation, and they were all watching him as he staggered around, trying to look like he was okay.

Suddenly he felt a wave of nausea, and he only had time to hear someone scream "Dream!" before his eyes rolled into the back of his head.

And he passed out.

Chapter End Notes

Did I wake up at 2 in the morning because I was freaking out about how bad this may be? Yes

Should I have? Really no I'm so tired

Kudos and comments are appreciated :)

Chapter 14 - Jasper

Chapter Summary

Emotional angst

Chapter Notes

I'm gonna fix this at 2 in the morning so you can wait until then? But for now this is what I've done and I figured I'd just post it. It's okay I think (but I really don't know.)

Comments and kudos are always appreciated :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jasper could feel that something was wrong as soon as he woke up. He was hotter than usual, and it wasn't just because of the younger boy who had somehow ended up in his arms during the night.

He placed his hand on the blond's forehead, wincing sympathetically at how hot it was, before gently shaking him.

"Dream? Dream? I need you to wake up for me." Dream pushed into his cold hand, groaning. "I know you want to sleep, but I need to take you home before this gets too bad. I don't want your friends to worry."

He was getting more and more concerned as the boy remained unresponsive, only the groans he was letting out as Jasper spoke telling him that he could hear what he was being told.

"Pretty boy, please get up. I need to take you home." Jasper was getting more and more frustrated as the blond ignored him. He didn't blame him, because the fever seemed bad, but still.

"Why is the hot man frustrated?" Jasper couldn't help the small smirk that appeared on his face. Dream obviously didn't mean to say that out loud, but it was never bad to get a compliment.

"As flattered as I am that you think I'm hot, I really want to get you home and I don't want to have to carry you for the second time in 24 hours." Jasper could see every emotion passing over Dream's face and he frowned as the younger seemed to grow more and more confused.

"Did I say that out loud?"

"Fuck, he's so out of it." Jasper shook his head, picking the blond up and feeling him moan in pain, seeming to get worse and worse with each step.

When he was in the car, the man had passed out again, and he gently lifted his shirt slightly, trying to figure out what the problem was.

That was a mistake.

He dropped the shirt and peeled away the bandages, jumping away as he saw the mess that was the blond's side. The skin around the cut was bright red, and pus was dripping.

That explained the fever though. It was infected.

Only then did he clock in the rest of the scars over his hip, some looking days old. Others were wide and deep, and would have probably needed stitches.

Jasper bit his lip, trying to refrain from puking. That would be really unhelpful right now. But his stomach rolled as he thought about it, so he instead buckled the younger man in, turning on the air con and climbing into his side of the car.

Dream seemed to be becoming more lucid as the stream of cold air hit his face. Jasper was fairly certain that he wasn't supposed to aim cold air at his fevered friend, but at the moment he was just trying to keep the blond awake, and aware, at least until he reached his house.

"Holy shit what just..." Dream was looking around like he'd never been in the car before, or felt sick before, and Jasper forced himself not to roll his eyes at the younger.

"You're sick. And I'm going to guess your side is infected from the huge mess that I uncovered beneath the bandages." He could see Dream's eyes widen as he understood what that meant. Yes, he had seen the scars, but he had a matching set on his own thighs, so it wasn't like he was in a space to judge.

He could imagine the main thought running through Dream's mind; the one that had raced through his countless times when other people had discovered his own.

"I'm not saying your scars are ugly pretty boy, the infected, bright red one, that's leaking the yellow shit? That's not supposed to happen when something is healing." The blond boy relaxed slightly, mouth opening into an 'o' shape and Jasper smiled at his obliviousness. Did he really think that was how things healed? He thought it was quite obvious, but maybe it wasn't.

As they pulled up outside Dream's house, he hopped out the car, moving round and opening the door as if to pick the shorter boy up.

"I can walk." He raised his eyebrow as Dream snapped at him, climbing out of the car on unsteady legs, but he respected the younger's wishes, staying close enough that he could catch him should something happen, but also far enough that he didn't feel so crowded.

He understood not wanting to feel useless and dependant, like he couldn't do anything for himself.

Jasper knocked on the door, keeping an eye on Dream, who seemed to have zoned out, as Sarnap and George opened the door.

He heard a sigh of relief from one of them (he couldn't tell which one) as they spotted Dream, before they both seemed to notice his posture and the thin sheen of sweat on his forehead.

He was swaying now too. Bloody brilliant.

"Why are you here? I'm going to guess Dream was with you last night, but what did you do to him?"

Jasper maintained the smile on his face, pushing his irritation at the other two down. This was for Dream. They could deal with their jealousy later. He didn't need to be there for that.

“Dream has a really bad fever and...I can tell you more when we get him inside and lying down. He needs it quite badly.”

The man was staring at them, swaying more.

“Dream!” George yelled that one, and Jasper had just enough time to spin around and see Dream collapse on the ground.

He moved forwards, scooping the man up and pushing the other two away as he put him down on the sofa.

“What the fuck did you give him? I’ve basically never seen Dream sick.” George looked annoyed, and Jasper knew, logically he fucking knew that it came from a place of concern and guilt, but he was so fucking done with the two of them being jealous of him for no reason.

“I didn’t do anything. If you two had paid him any attention, you would have seen him getting sick for the last couple of days. And you would probably have seen a lot of other things as well. He probably only got this bad because you two couldn’t separate the bad emotions yesterday from anything else. I’m sure he would have said something if you hadn’t kicked him out like the immature shits you are.” He was being unfair and he knew that Dream wouldn’t have told them anything, but fucking hell they were so ignorant.

“What the hell? My cousin died and Dream was talking like he could relate to my pain.” Jasper was trying so hard not to yell at them. So fucking hard

“But why did you take everything out on him? Even if he ‘can’t relate’” they could all hear the sarcasm in his words, but the other two obviously didn’t understand it, only getting more annoyed, “you still didn’t have the right to throw him out of his own fucking house after he’s already had a shitshow of a day.” The other two looked guilty, but they were still arguing with him.

“Dream said something stupid and-” George started talking before Jasper cut him off again.

“You still had no right.”

“I had every right! My cousin just fucking died and Dream was being insensitive.” Sappnap was near yelling, and Dream pushed himself into Jasper, causing the older to look fondly down at him.

“Dream probably understood better than anyone else you know could have.” He said it quietly, and he knew it was the wrong thing to say, but he was so sick of it. Dream shouldn’t have kept the secrets, and sure it wasn’t his place to spill them, but he was so angry, and so tired.

“What do you mean?” Sappnap seemed concerned, and more guilty (if that was even possible) now, and Jasper spared a glance down at the man in his lap before looking up again.

“Never mind.”

“No, you said it, you started it, so tell us. What. Did. You. Mean.” George seemed somewhere between scared, angry, and desperate and Jasper shook his head, looking up to the ceiling and muttering a quick prayer to whoever would listen that Dream would forgive him.

“His whole family died last year.”

The two of them became paler, as the blood drained out of their faces. George looked guilty, while Sappnap was concerned and frustrated, staring at the blond as he paced back and forth.

“Why didn’t he tell us?”

“Why should he have?” Jasper looked between the two of them, realising he was setting up a ton of things for Dream to fix when he woke up.

“Because we’re his best friends god damn it, and he’s supposed to tell us these things. Fuck, the amount of times I’ve mentioned them...” George had tears forming in his eyes and Jasper felt more guilty than ever. Honestly, he did wonder why Dream hadn’t told his childhood best friends, but it wasn’t his place to question it.

“If he wanted to say something, he could have. Don’t blame yourself.” Jasper grimaced sympathetically as a few tears leaked out of Sapnap’s eyes and he angrily swiped them away.

There was an awkward silence for about half a minute before they all simultaneously remembered the sick man in the room and looked at him.

“What’s the problem with him? And why did you bring him here?” George seemed to have forgotten the whole discussion from before, his only focus his passed out friend.

“He’s got an infected cut, he’s really feverish and I figured that you two would have more of an idea what to do with him than I would.” Jasper smiled at the other two, and saw them shake their heads.

“Nope. Never dealt with an infected cut before. But...I think I may know what to do? I’m sure I read it somewhere.” George was muttering to himself as he left the room, and Sapnap shrugged at the other man in the room.

“He does that sometimes. Normally it ends up with something good happening, but we’ll have to see.” There was about a ten second pause before he looked at the older again. “Do you- do you really think that he would have told us if we weren’t assholes to him yesterday? And should we have noticed?”

Jasper could hear the brunet crashing around, presumably trying to find something to help Dream, as he thought about what to tell Sapnap.

He swallowed, looking at the younger who looked so guilty and upset that it made his heart twist. “No, I’m sure he wouldn’t. I don’t think Dream would have said anything until he was forced to, and even then he’d try and fix it himself. It wasn’t your fault Sapnap.”

A look of pure relief crossed the man’s face, and Jasper relaxed. “You’re sure?”

“Yes, as unfortunate as the events of yesterday were, none of you were to blame. I wouldn’t lie to you Sapnap.” The younger nodded uncertainly, looking up as George walked in with some sort of first aid kit.

Dream was going to be okay, Jasper was sure of it.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so i changed the published date. Can people check again when it says the date is?

I'm looking at it, and it's 2 in the morning, and none of it seems too bad, so there has been maybe 70 words of change, but nothing too major.

As always, once again, kudos and comments are appreciated and thank you for reading :)

Chapter 15 - Sapnap

Chapter Summary

Some emotional angst?

Chapter Notes

Sorry I dissappeared like that. Things happened and I ended up taking an impromptu break, but I am back now.

Anyways, so you guys are going to hate me when I'm finished with this story (maybe) and one of you saying something that wasn't even a story suggestion prompted this,

As someone kindly pointed out last chapter, this is unsafe medicinal practice and so I guess don't attempt to do this at home?

Please point out any typos you see because I typed like 500 words at 3 this morning and I'm not sure of there are typos or not. My spelling is not the most accurate on a computer this early.

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap had never felt worse. Guilt and sadness were twisting his stomach as he stared at the blond boy on the couch, looking more peaceful in his sleep (could Sapnap call it that?) than the youngest had ever seen him.

George was moving around with a first aid kit, and given Sapnap seemed to have the least amount of medical knowledge, he stepped out of the way, sitting on the chair and watching the others move.

He was pretty squeamish anyways, so it was probably a good thing that he wasn't that close.

Sapnap had zoned off at some point, only coming back when he heard a gasp from George. His concern doubled when the oldest boy had to gag into his elbow before he continued to work.

The brunet stood up from his seat in the corner of the room, moving toward Dream and immediately regretting it. He glimpsed the mess that was his best friend's side and ran into the kitchen, knowing he didn't have enough time to reach the bathroom before he started puking up the last meal he had eaten.

His mind kept pushing the image forwards, and he was dry heaving into the sink as he thought about the cuts all down Dream's side, some larger than his pointer finger, and the huge one, that was definitely not more than a few days old, bright red and obviously infected.

The thought of Dream cutting himself as George and Sapnap himself sat downstairs almost made

him start retching again, but he forced it back, putting one foot in front of another and settling back down in his chair.

“Squeamish?” Jasper chuckled and Sapnap ignored the spike of irritation he felt looking at the older boy. It was irrational, and Sapnap knew he had no reason to dislike him, but he couldn’t control it.

Jasper seemed to pick up on something he didn’t, nodding and looking back down at Dream, with an expression that could only be described as adoration.

Fucking hell, he wanted that guy to leave so bad.

George was still bandaging the cuts, finishing a few minutes later as Sapnap yawned, even though it was only midday.

“What do we do with him now?” George’s question wasn’t aimed at anyone in particular, but Sapnap had watched enough movies to know what to do at this point.

“Don’t we just let him sleep upstairs and maybe try and wake him up for some food in a few hours?” The answering nod made him sigh in relief, and he went forwards to pick up the older before Jasper reached down and grabbed him, looking at the other two expectantly.

He was expecting them to lead the way to Dream’s room.

Sapnap wasn’t sure why it felt so bad letting him upstairs into Dream’s room. It felt like an invasion of privacy being in there without his explicit permission.

The blond was placed down in the bed and Jasper smiled, standing up and noticing the hostile expressions on the other boy’s faces.

Sapnap didn’t even intend to hate the older boy, but he was always there and he somehow managed to be a better friend to Dream than either him or George, his best friends. The ones who had known Dream for years.

Jasper stood up, raising his hands in a small gesture of complacency, with that stupid smile on his face, as he walked out of Dream’s room.

God, Sapnap hated that man. His smile made him want to punch his teeth in, and his voice made Sapnap want to strangle him.

That sounded really bad.

But he followed the older out of the house, waving goodbye with a smile that they both knew was fake, sighing happily as Jasper left.

“So...” George had come downstairs and was looking uncomfortable at Sapnap. Both of them were still slightly shocked by what they’d discovered in the past hour, and he smiled gently at the oldest.

“I’m going to sit with him for a while, I don’t mind if you want to go out or something.” The older boy relaxed, smiling and not saying anything.

He passed him as he walked up the stairs, walking into the blond’s room and sitting down, sitting on the other side of his bed and combing through his hair with his hand.

Dream smiled slightly in his sleep and it bought Sapnap a small amount of pleasure to know that he

was at least doing something right.

He knew Dream was a private person, and sure at times he and George could both be relatively obtuse, but a year? And neither of them had realised a thing?

That seemed unrealistic and it made it hurt even more.

He told Dream everything about his life; he remembered when he was 13 and his grandma had died, he'd called Dream and they'd stayed on call for hours, until Sapnap was ready to face the world again.

It pained him to think that Dream didn't trust him enough to tell him about his whole family dying.

He felt extremely guilty over his words last night too.

His brain was telling him that logically, he couldn't have known, and he was sure Dream would understand and forgive him. But did he deserve Dream's forgiveness?

But his heart was screaming that he was an asshole, and even if he didn't know it was a shitty thing to say and he was completely in the wrong here.

He was definitely with his heart on this one.

His hand was still carding through the blond locks, and he felt Dream shifting in discomfort, whining in his sleep.

Eventually, Sapnap ended up sat against the headboard with Dream half in his lap as he sat back and allowed his mind to drift again.

It still made him want to puke when he thought of the scars that lined his best friend's side, and presumably other areas on his body.

Sapnap had his fair share of friends with mental health issues, but none of them had the amount of scars that Dream had. He figured that Dream had probably been doing this even before his family had died.

His fingers smoothed over the bumpy, scarred skin of his side, and Sapnap felt tears welling up in his eyes. Why did Dream never talk to them?

They were always telling him about their problems, but looking back, his favourite teacher leaving school wasn't nearly half as important as everything Dream was going through.

He looked at the older boy differently now, and he wasn't sure if it was a bad thing.

"Hey Dream, I don't think that you can hear me. But I love you. I'm sorry that I've been a shitty friend, and I never meant to let you get this bad. I'm pretty sure some of this is my own fault. But I love you for your personality, and your laugh, and the way that you're so strong for all of us constantly. I love that you never seem to mind letting us rant to you, and that you're always happy to help us out whenever we need it. I love that you're kind to those who deserve it, and never unnecessarily horrible. But you don't need to be perfect and strong constantly. It's okay to break down sometimes. It doesn't make you weak. But I love you no matter what."

Sapnap wasn't sure when his eyes had closed while he was speaking, but he opened his eyes half expecting a reply. And, unsurprisingly, the unconscious boy didn't have anything to say about his little speech.

He settled back down, calm as he heard George come back from wherever he had gone to.

At some point he must have fallen asleep, as when he opened his eyes again it was dark outside, and George was stood by the door looking at them.

"Sorry if I woke you up." George whispered at the younger, noticing his eyes opening.

"I'm sure you didn't, but it's no problem anyway."

"He woke up once while you were asleep." Sapnap only now noticed that Dream had completely shifted positions, now almost completely lying on top of him.

"Did you say anything to him?"

"I'm pretty sure he was delirious. He kept apologising and- and asking for Drista." Sapnap sucked in a breath at that, casting a nervous glance down at his best friend. He wasn't sure he would be able to deal with Dream like this. It hurt him to know the blond had been calling out for his dead sister.

"What did you say to him?"

"I just sat with him. How the fuck else can I help my best friend, who's calling out for his dead sister that I only found out about twelve hours ago?" Sapnap knew the frustration wasn't aimed at him, and he smiled sympathetically at the older.

"When he gets better, the three of us are going to have to have a talk about that." They both knew it was true, because as much as they were trying to focus on helping their sick friend they were both extremely hurt by Dream not telling them anything about his life. "But for now, we need to just help him get better."

George nodded in agreement, but there were tears in his eyes as he looked at the sleeping blond. "Why didn't he tell us Sap? And how did neither of us notice something was wrong? I spent ten hours a day in discord calls with him, at least, and I had no fucking clue. Was he ever going to tell us? Does he not trust us enough to feel like he can talk to us? Does he not trust us at all?"

The last question was one Sapnap was avoiding thinking about, because he knew he would end up with an answer he didn't like. "I'm sure he had a good reason for everything George, and there's no point thinking too hard about why Dream did what he did. The only person that knows what's going through his brain is him, and honestly, I sometimes question if he knows it too. I don't think either of us are going to like what we find if we keep trying to answer those questions."

George smiled slightly, before dropping it again and sighing. "I'm just tired of not knowing what's going on with him. I feel like everything I do is wrong, and I'm not observant enough, or helpful enough, and he's getting worse instead of better. Those...cuts," he said the word like it pained him, "some of them look semi-fresh. He did some of those while we've been here, with him, and we didn't notice a single thing. And that makes me feel sick Sap."

"I know George, I know. But Dream is ill, and he's always been a good liar, and you shouldn't feel too guilty over this because you did your best, and sure we've fucked up a few times, probably more times than we can even remember right now, but it isn't your fault. You don't always notice everything, you're human, and so it's not your fault that he's in this position. Yesterday, I fucked up, but he's here now, and we can actually try and fix things. Something like this should never have happened, but we're going to make sure it never does again."

George nodded, still stood by the door, and opened his mouth to say something before closing it

and shaling his head.

"What is it George? I have nothing else to do while I'm lying with Dream so you may as well just tell me. I won't judge if that's what you're worried about."

"Can I also sleep in here with you guys tonight? I- I just need to make sure he's okay sorry. Today has sort of freaked me out."

"I think today has freaked us all out, but why would I ever say no to a sleepover?" Sapnap beckoned the older boy over, scooching as close to the other side as possible to give the shorter man more room.

He placed a kiss on George's head, snorting at the confused look he received. "It's for good dreams."

George shrugged, and they both lay down, Dream in the middle as always. Sapnap let out a small sigh as his eyes shut, letting sleep overtake him again.

Chapter End Notes

You guys owe my best friend, I was tempted to do something horrible, but she convinced me not to. I still think you may hate me but this is much better than what I was considering doing.

Point out any mistakes please :)

Anyways, thank you for reading and sorry i disappeared for so long.

Kudos and comments are appreciated :)

Chapter 16 - Dream

Chapter Summary

Sick Dream

Chapter Notes

Okay so I woke up at 4 in the morning to write this and I don't regret it. Yet. I probably will but I'll deal with that later.

Anyways so I like updating in the morning on weekdays but I'm not sure how that'll work, but I did it this morning because I had a project due today that I hadn't started, so I did that yesterday and didn't have time to update.

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's head felt like there had been an earthquake inside of it, and he was still suffering from the aftershocks. Where was he? His side was burning, and he could faintly hear murmuring from somewhere above him.

He tried to open his eyes, failing, and letting out a frustrated whimper. The noise above him stopped, and it lessened the pressure in his head slightly.

"Dream?" He recognized Sapnap's voice, wincing as his head swum and he burrowed into the warmth below him. The person chuckled, and he felt the vibrations.

The last 24 hours crashed into him like a train, causing him to flinch violently. He had been with Jasper, and then when he came home, they...

His side was infected. And Jasper had just left him with the two of them.

Dream tried to ignore the stab of betrayal that he felt, instead reveling in his clarity of mind.

He finally managed to open his eyes, squinting against the night light, before looking for a clock. 04:19. He had been out for almost 24 hours.

"Dream." Sapnap was still trying to get his attention, and he let out a small whine of distress as he faced the younger. His head hurt, and the smaller boy wasn't helping.

George, who Dream hadn't noticed before, started shushing Sapnap, placing a cool hand on the blond's forehead, which the taller boy leant into. George was muttering calming words, quiet enough that it wasn't hurting Dream's head. He smiled as the older's brow wrinkled, and he bit his lip, which Dream had come to recognize as his 'concentration face'.

The two smaller boys stood up, and Dream suddenly felt cold, groaning as his arms were grabbed,

and he was pulled up to his feet. His limbs collapsed for a brief second, before Dream managed to secure himself. One of his arms was resting over Sappnap's shoulder as the younger wrapped an arm around his chest, and another under his knees, picking him up with a look of surprise.

He whispered something to George, and the blond could only catch the words 'light' and 'unhealthy'. He wasn't bothered to work out what he meant, content to just relax in the younger's arms and let himself be carried.

Every movement was sending a lick of pain down his side, and he might have been making noises? He wasn't completely sure, only seeing a guilty look on Sappnap's face and assuming he was.

His mind was peacefully blank, for the first time in a while, and he decided to tell Sappnap just that.

The younger frowned, placing him down on the sofa they'd reached (when had that happened?) and looking at George with a concerned expression.

The older seemed to notice Dream's confusion and knelt down in front of him, smiling in the way you would smile at a crying child. "We're going to try and keep it quiet if you prefer that." Sappnap walked out, saying something Dream didn't quite catch, as George stood looking at the sick man.

Dream frowned, making grabby hands at the older, whose lips twitched before he nodded, sitting down and letting the blond practically attach himself to the brunet. Dream was normally a touchy person, but he usually tried to avoid showing it, instead preferring to ignore the urge. But when he was sick and half out of his mind, he had no choice.

When Sappnap walked back in, Dream was practically sat on the older, face buried in his neck, with the brunet rubbing his back and looking at Sappnap with an amused expression.

"Dream, I think you may want these antibiotics." They were whispering as they spoke, and the lights were dim, as they had quickly realized that it was hurting Dream.

There was a groan that didn't sound like a disagreement, so George pulled the blond off of him, and he grabbed the two pills, swallowing them dry before settling back down on the brunet.

His mind was still quiet, and foggy. He couldn't really understand what the other 2 in the room were talking about, their words sounding like they were speaking underwater. They may as well have been, because the words themselves sounded foreign to him.

Eventually, somehow, he ended up lying on top of George, drifting in and out of sleep, thankfully not dreaming. He only became slightly more lucid when George lightly pushed him off, leaving him lying alone on the damp, cold sofa, until Sappnap lifted his head and placed it in his lap.

Dream was thankful that they had realized he was clingy when he was sick, not thinking he could bear to do it alone.

He was half asleep when George re-entered with a first aid kit he didn't recognize, and somehow it clicked in his brain that their things from home must have arrived when he was at Jasper's.

His mind was yelling something at him as a cloth started to clean out his cut, and alarm bells were ringing somewhere, but through the fog in his mind he couldn't really understand anything, instead allowing himself to doze off as the bandages on his side were changed.

Somehow, he was in a new place when his eyes opened. It took a few seconds to recognize it, and he wanted to kick himself and cry at the same time when he remembered it.

He couldn't come back here. No. No. No.

And then he heard the familiar, bone chilling sound of water running from the upstairs bathroom.

Why was he so scared? What was happening?

His body was moving of its own accord, dragging him upstairs even though his limbs felt like they were being dragged through concrete and his head was filled with cotton.

The cream walls were closing in on him. His throat was tightening. Why was he scared? Where was his body taking him?

He felt like he was walking to his execution but why?

Why was he so scared? What was happening?

After what felt like hours, but was probably only a matter of seconds, he was outside of the bathroom. The door seemed to be laughing at him. What was inside?

He shouldered the door open.

And then he stopped.

He turned around for a second.

And then he looked again.

And screamed.

"Drista," he was mumbling to himself as he pressed down on her wrists. Why was there so much blood? It wasn't supposed to be like this. There wasn't supposed to be this much.

The world was tilting, and the walls were closing in on him.

He couldn't breathe. He couldn't breathe. He couldn't breathe.

Her blood was all over his hands. It was so red, and he wasn't going to be able to save her.

It was his fault. He couldn't breathe. The world was spinning and she was dying and someone was calling to him and Drista was dying and he couldn't save her and it was his fault and he was worthless and why was no one coming to help?

His hands were pressing down on her wrists and it wasn't enough, it was never enough, and he'd done this before but when?

"Dream!" Someone was yelling at him, and the world was shaking, and the voice was familiar and he was staring into Drista's brown eyes-

Wait. Brown? Her eyes were green like his so who?

"Thank fuck you're awake." George.

The older looked relieved, and then concerned, before looking down at the younger. Dream's mind had gone foggy again, and he was sat numbly staring at George until he noticed the blood dripping down the side of his face from where Dream had presumably been flailing around in his sleep.

His side had most definitely reopened, but that was a problem for later. He pointed out the blood and George nodded, walking away to clean it.

As he raised his hand, he noticed a spot of red.

Blood.

No, no, no, no, no.

The walls were closing in on him, and her blood was on his hands and it was his fault and he was screaming and crying and she was dead she was dead she was dead.

The tap was running and he curled in on himself, keeping his hands as far away from his body as possible.

He may have heard someone talking, but that couldn't be right, he was alone. No one was coming. It was his fault.

Something was scrubbing at his hands and he could see Sapnap, and he had stopped screaming, but his hands were still red, and she was dead.

"Clean." Sapnap pushed his hands towards him, and the blond couldn't see any blood on his hands and there were tears in his eyes and shit.

He just did that in front of them.

There was silence, and Dream had his head buried in his arms, face red.

"It's fine. You're fine. It's okay I promise." Sapnap was whispering to him as he tried to get the older to sit up. "It's not your fault. You're more out of it than a stoner. We don't blame you."

There was something that his brain was trying to tell him, but he ignored it, letting the nice fog cover his mind again.

He had ended up sat on Sapnap, with George sat next to him, running a hand through his hair as the TV turned on.

They all had the day off, and none of them were going to go out. Dream wasn't in the right mind to play anything, so they ended up in front of the screen for the millionth time that week.

They put on a show that Dream couldn't really focus on, but he was still content to feel the rumble of Sapnap's chest every time he laughed.

About 15 minutes in, Dream was starting to feel tired, his eyes slipping shut and yawns escaping him, but he forced himself to stay awake, not letting himself sleep in case he freaked out again.

That was very uncomfortable.

But Sapnap seemed to realize what he was doing, and shifted him down so he was lying on the younger boy's chest, giving him a small smile. "You can sleep. We'll be here and we won't let it happen again.

He nodded, letting his eyes slip shut as he listened to the younger boy's heartbeat and slipped into a comfortable sleep.

When he woke up again, it was dark outside, and he was in bed (he didn't remember that

happening) lying on George this time as the older had his computer open, running a hand through the younger's hair as he watched whatever was on the small screen.

He noticed the blond's eyes were open, and paused the show, placing a hand on his head and answering the question Dream hadn't asked. "Sapnap spent all of last night awake because he was worried, so I made him get some sleep and let me watch over you for a little while."

The answering hum sounded tired, and Dream closed his eyes again, letting his eyes stay shut as the hand in his hair continued to comb through.

When he next woke up, maybe an hour later, Sapnap was also sat on the bed with them and as he looked up at the older, he could see the bags were fading from beneath his eyes and he didn't look like a zombie anymore.

It was Dream's fault he ever reached that point though, his stupidity resulting in Sapnap staying up all night watching over his dumbass.

He didn't feel tired anymore, but his head still hurt and he felt heavy and weak, so Dream left his head in George's lap, watching the show along with the other two.

It was late at night, and Dream knew he would be exhausted before the end of the episode.

"Dream?" He looked up at Sapnap, who had said his name. "How are you feeling?"

"M'head hurts," he slurred, "n' I feel w'rd."

Sapnap nodded, smiling sympathetically, grateful that Dream was at least lucid enough to answer him. It was an improvement to Dream practically hallucinating and freaking out during the day.

The episode ended, and he could see George trying to keep his eyes open. Dream pushed himself out of the older boy's lap, lying down and waiting for the other two to do the same, which they did relatively quickly.

He was going to overheat during the night, but that was a problem for later, he decided. He was comfortable and warm and safe and the world wasn't spinning like usual.

He fell asleep warm between his friends.

Chapter End Notes

This took maybe 2 hours to write? But I know some parts don't flow or make sense to a degree; that was intentional.

Kudos and comments are always appreciated.

I hope you guys like the new chapter and thanks for reading :)

Chapter 17 - George

Chapter Summary

Nearly done with sick Dream

Chapter Notes

I started to write this at 4 in the morning again. I'm going to regret it soon I swear I'm surviving on under 4 hours of sleep a night.

Anyways please leave comments or kudos :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George really liked sick Dream.

That sounded bad. It wasn't perverted, and obviously he felt sympathy towards the blond.

But nonetheless, George liked sick Dream.

Honestly, he had known the younger man was a touchy person, given Dream had made comments about it on multiple occasions. He was surprised when they had arrived in Florida, and the taller man had obviously been forcing himself away.

Sick Dream only did what he wanted.

As much as George outwardly complained, he loved the way that Dream would curl up on his lap for half of the day, and the blond would just sleep on them. He saw the adoration in Sapnap's eyes too.

Of course, they had quickly established that blood on Dream's hands triggered him badly, and he had the nightmare whenever he was left alone while he slept, which led George to believe that it was a common occurrence for the older boy.

That would explain the eyebags.

From what he understood of Dream's fevered, half asleep yelling when he woke up, Drista was in the dream, and he blamed himself for something happening to her. Given the blood on his hands sending him into some sort of memory, George assumed it had something to do with her death.

It made his heart ache for his best friend.

He still felt really guilty. He knew he had been a shitty friend since he came to Florida, but he had never intended to upset his friend to this level. The three of them needed to sit down and talk once Dream had healed.

Almost as if Dream knew George was thinking about him, he pushed into the older's neck in his

sleep, and George winced at how hot the skin felt, clammy against him.

Dream had been sick since Tuesday, when they went to the movies, and it was Friday now. Of course, George knew he had to wait for the fever to run its course, and just keep cleaning and bandaging the infected cuts, but it was still worrying to him. He didn't know if everything was normal; he had never dealt with infected self-harm scars.

George could tell they weren't going to be able to start streaming again on Sunday, because the fever was showing no signs of slowing down and it was already midday. He had half a mind to post a picture of Dream as he was, and explain the older was sick, but he wasn't sure that was a smart idea. Of course, they'd hide the blond's face, but it would be obvious from George being in the picture who it was.

"Sap?"

There was a hum from the third boy on the sofa, who was presumably talking to their friends. Sapnap snapped a quick picture of Dream and sent it.

"We aren't going to be able to stream on Sunday when we promised we'd go back, so do you think posting a picture of Dream right now and explaining he's sick is good or bad?"

"Good, of course, we don't want the fans to be disappointed and angry. And he looks kind of cute." Sapnap didn't seem to realize he had said the last part for a few seconds, and George raised an eyebrow as his face turned red, but he didn't look back up at the older man.

The TV was on, and neither of them were paying any attention. George was still looking at Dream.

He honestly was pretty, big green eyes with long blond lashes that fluttered as he slept. He had a smattering of freckles on his pale skin, and his short wavy hair was the colour of honey.

Most people would kill to look like that, and if he hadn't succeeded at Minecraft, the man could easily have gone into modelling.

Okay, that was enough thinking about how pretty his best friend was.

He had posted a picture and was watching it blow up, smiling at the comments about how cute he was.

"George?" Sapnap looked somewhere between concerned and amused.

"Yeah?"

"So, I was reading into how to help with an infection, and a lot of sites were talking about going to hospital, but obviously we can't do that, so this website said that if by the fourth day, which is today in case you forgot, the fever isn't showing any sign of breaking, which his isn't, its just steadily rising, then a cool bath should break it. It's the only thing online, because I assume most people are going to go to the hospital and not try and treat this at home. But it looks reliable, and it's the only thing we've got."

George thought about it for a second, nodding at the younger. "We just need to get him healthy again. If that works, let's do it. When?"

"Now? He's asleep so it'll be easier to move him. And he'll probably be tired enough to fall asleep in the tub."

“Okay, if you go and fill it up, I’ll carry him up in a few minutes.” George shouldn’t have been able to carry Dream, but they had realized he was really light the first time Sapnap picked him up. It was extremely concerning, but they could talk about that later too.

“G’rge?” Dream looked up at him, half asleep still, and George’s heart melted.

“I’m here Dreamy. What is it?” He smiled as the younger blinked and closed his eyes again, trying to go back to sleep.

“J’st m’king sure you didn’t leave.” His words became clearer as the sentence continued, and George hoped that meant he wasn’t delirious.

“I would never,” he smiled at the younger boy. “Do you remember when I fell asleep on call for the first time? You kept playing for hours, as quietly as possible because I had been complaining to you about school and you thought I needed the sleep. And then when I woke up, you said good morning to me and we just kept on playing. You said your mom got so pissed at you and then you crashed and slept for a whole day a few sleepless nights later. It took me so long to make you understand you could leave while I was sleeping, or even sleep on call with me. The first time you did you wouldn’t stop apologizing for a week. Even though I was pretty sure you really needed it too.” He snorted at the memory, and Dream chuckled quietly into his neck, nodding.

“I was convinced that not sleeping for half a week straight would help me get so much stuff done, and so I told her that I had a lot of work and just stayed in my room with food. I remember you telling me I needed sleep and me saying I didn’t. God, my parents even let me miss a day of school to make up for my stupidity.” Dream still sounded tired, and sick, but this was also the first time his mind had been clear enough to have a proper conversation.

George almost felt bad for giving him a cold bath.

After a few minutes, Dream seemed to be dozing again, and George stood up, gathering the taller boy to his chest and letting his head fall on the older’s shoulder.

In the bathroom, Sapnap was stood watching the tub fill as George walked in.

“Are you sure this’ll work?”

“Do you have a better idea?”

They both knew he didn’t, and George sighed. “Doesn’t someone need to get in with him to make sure he doesn’t...you know...drown?”

I think someone is supposed to, but given there’s two of us, we can probably just stand at the side and help him like that. Unless you’d rather play it safe...?” Sapnap figured George was probably the best person to give the final say to, as the older man had at least some experience with injured people.

“What did it say in the article?” As much as George didn’t want to get in the cold water, risking his friend’s health so he could stay warm was something he was not prepared to do.

“It says to get in with him.”

“Then I’ll do that.” Fuck. George really didn’t want to do that, but he passed Dream to Sapnap, trusting the younger man to get the blond into his underwear as he stripped down as well.

“God, this feels so wrong to do without him saying anything.” Sapnap looked horrified as he

peeled off the cotton shirt they had put him in, and then the sweatpants.

Dream was somehow still asleep, and he was placed into the bath immediately after George.

As soon as the cold water touched him, his eyes opened and he started thrashing.

“Dream! Dream! You’re okay, we’re the only people here, nothing is going to happen.” As soon as he heard George’s voice, Dream relaxed, setting his head back on George’s shoulder as it had been before. George felt smug, moving his warm hand up and down the other’s back.

Once he had gotten used to the water, he had looked slightly more alert, “How long do I need to stay in here?”

“Until your fever has broken.”

Dream looked like a petulant child, and George giggled, smoothing a hand through his hair.

“Dreamy, we’re just trying to get you better. Stop complaining. You can literally go to sleep in here.”

Dream hummed, closing his eyes and smiling, “Okay Georgie.” The nickname only came out when Dream was feeling particularly affectionate, and George smiled, somewhat sad that this boy would be gone soon enough.

He knew that this version of Dream was like the real version, but Dream hid himself under layers of protection to stop himself from doing things he thought made him seem weak.

Of course, he appreciated the Dream who would flirt with him, and make stupid jokes; he didn’t think he would love the boy so much if he wasn’t there. However, he had only seen sick Dream a handful of times. He liked the boy that told them everything he thought, and would finally let himself get the physical affection he so clearly needed.

Dream would still tolerate contact, and enjoy it, but he wouldn’t dream of initiating it in his normal brain. Sick Dream would whine at them until they let him come near them.

“I think his fever’s gone.” Sapnap had reached forward while George had zoned out, and had a hand to Dream’s forehead. “Can you check though? Because I don’t want to be wrong.”

George nodded, placing his hand on the back of Dream’s neck and grinning. “Yeah, I’m pretty sure he’s okay.” He paused, “Thank you Sap, for finding this. You did really well. Thanks.” Sapnap’s face turned lightly pink and he cleared his throat.

“It’s no problem. So, how are we going to deal with Dream? Can we just wake him up so he can change his pants?”

“Yeah, I’ll drain the tub and wake him up, you get clothes.” Sapnap nodded, walking away towards his room, George assumed, to get clothes. Neither of them liked going into Dream’s room without him, so the taller boy had been wearing the loosest clothes they could find in their cupboards.

“Hmm?” Dream sounded tired, and he still had a fever, even if his temperature was finally coming down, so George felt bad waking him up.

“Dreamy, we’re going to need you to put on some pants for us. We’re happy to help with the rest, and we’ll be right outside if you need us, but here.” Sapnap had just walked in with a towel and the pants for the blond.

He nodded, standing up with a wince and letting them leave.

They waited for maybe 20 seconds outside, until Dream left in a towel and some pants. “Thank you Dream.” George kissed the younger on the cheek.

They helped him pull on a loose hoodie of George’s and a pair of Sapnap’s sweatpants before leading him towards George’s bedroom. He turned on the TV and the blond sat between the two of them, falling asleep very quickly.

Dream would be back to normal in 48 hours, but George was satisfied for now to just let him sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thaks for reading :)

I'm not sure if this is any good, as I wrote it in 2 hours, but I hope you enjoy the fluff I've written the past two days. It's going to get worse.

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated :)

Chapter 18 - Sapnap

Chapter Summary

The talk

Chapter Notes

I woke up at 3:30 today and couldn't find the motivation to do it in 3 hours
took me ages to do this

so

I've also slept for like 12 hours altogether in the past 3 days which is exciting

I JUST REALISED WHEN I SAID THE TALK AS THE SUMMARY THAT
SOUNDS LIKE THE SEX TALK PEOPLE GET AND THATS NOT WHAT IT IS

But I feel like that's common sense and I could just be dumb for writing that

Enjoy it I guess?

Anyways as always kudos and comments are appreciated

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap had been staring at the sleeping blond man in his bed for the past half hour, frowning. Did the boy really believe that? It hurt him to think about it, so he instead focused on the older's face, moving the hand in his hair to trace the shape.

Earlier he had been lying with Dream, who was half asleep. His fever was almost completely down, and not streaming tomorrow was more of a precaution than anything else. Today, he had slept most of the day, only waking up every few hours. He was just as clingy as usual, but they could have conversations with him the way you could a 10-year-old.

George and Sapnap had been trying to convince him to eat. Nothing was working. Dream was refusing the food, saying it made him sick, and the one time they had managed to make him eat something, he had been throwing up for about an hour before he lay down to sleep more.

He had believed Dream was asleep, and to his credit the older boy did appear to be. The blond had been 'sleeping' on the brunet for about 20 minutes, and his breathing was slowing, eyes closed and face calm in the way that usually meant that someone was asleep.

Usually.

Sapnap had placed a gentle kiss on the older's forehead smiling softly at him. "So many people love you Dream. I hate that you feel like you have to do this." His finger was trailing up and down Dream's exposed side, feeling the raised lines of scars. He vaguely wondered if Dream associated bad memories with each of the rough incisions.

"I'on't des'rve it. Not e'en m'own par'nts loved me. D'd tol' me to kill m'self." Sapnap raised his eyebrows at that.

"What?"

Dream went to repeat it in a small, tired voice and Sapnap shook his head. "No, Dream, I heard what you said. It's just a shitty thing to say to your own child. Your parents were bad people, and they don't have a say in this, because they obviously don't know their own son. You're so generous, and caring, and thoughtful. You wouldn't have so may fans if you were a bad person."

"I don't deserve anything. I just fuck up."

Sapnap heard the blond fall asleep only seconds later. "You deserve the world."

The youngest finally succumbed to sleep, feeling the comfortable weight and warmth of the blond lying on top of him.

When they woke up a few hours later Dream seemed to be back to normal, and Sapnap ignored the sadness he felt at losing sick Dream. As much as he hated Dream being in pain, sick Dream was adorable and clingy. Both of which he knew Dream would be if he let his walls down, but that was unlikely to happen anytime soon.

Or ever.

Dream had immediately pushed himself off of Sapnap with a muttered apology and hurried downstairs, where George probably was.

About 10 minutes later there was a loud thud, and Sapnap sighed, standing up to see what Dream had done.

Dream looked like a deer caught in the headlights, breathing sped up enough that it was concerning, but also not enough for it to be a panic attack. "What happened Dream? Are you okay?"

Dream seemed to snap out of whatever it was as soon as Sapnap spoke and nodded slowly. His arms were wrapped around his middle protectively and the youngest could probably guess what had scared him so much. "Yeah Sap, I'm okay, sorry for worrying you. You can go back to sleep. I won't bother you."

Sapnap had vaguely been expecting this when Dream cleared up his mind. The blond was going to be apologetic, thinking he wasted their time. It was in his nature to blame things on himself. And Sapnap kicked himself mentally for letting Dream out of his sight while he was so fragile right now. He was an idiot.

"No, it's no problem Dream. I was awake and up anyways. And I want to stay down here and talk to you."

George walked in through the kitchen door. "Yeah, I think we should just have a day at home, we can play some games and watch TV."

Dream seemed to consider it for a second. "Okay, but I have somewhere I need to be."

Sapnap wracked his brain to try and work out where Dream was going, coming up with nothing. "Where?"

"Does it matter?"

Sapnap groaned at Dream avoiding the question, knowing it would be difficult to pull the answer out of the blond and half considering just leaving him be. No. He needed to make sure Dream was safe. "Dream, please?"

"Why do you want to know?" As much as he loved his best friend, he really wanted to punch him. Hard.

"Because you've been sick for about half a week, you're still healing, and I don't particularly want you to scream at blood on your hands again." Dream winced at that, and Sapnap felt like an asshole. "Sorry, but you know what I mean."

"Yeah, but-"

"Are you going to visit your family's graves?" Even Sapnap winced at George's tactlessness this time.

Dream looked shocked, eyes wide and mouth open for a second before he composed it, concealing his emotions and changing his facial expression to the emotionless stare they hated so much.

"What did you say?"

"I asked if-"

"He was asking if you were visiting the cemetery." Sapnap glared at George, silencing the older who nodded sheepishly.

Dream swallowed, face somehow managing to turn paler, and he backed into the corner of the room slowly. "H-how the fuck do you...?"

They knew what he was asking, and George looked at Sapnap, silently begging him to take the lead. Dream's breathing was speeding up again, and Sapnap slowly walked closer, approaching as if he was a wounded animal.

"You collapsed in Wednesday, and Jasper told us some stuff."

"What did he tell you?" Dream looked like he was thinking too hard, and Sapnap was getting more and more concerned as the conversation went on.

"He told us your sister and parents are..."

"Dead." Dream snapped, lips pursing in frustration. "And?"

"Well obviously, to treat the infection, he had to show us the cuts on your side. And when we gave you the cold bath, which you may or may not remember, you were pretty out of it, we saw the ones on your thighs and upper arms."

There was a flash of...relief?

As much as he hated Jasper, he hoped that he hadn't said anything wrong, because this was one thing he respected Jasper for. And the man did seem to care about Dream, even if seemed slightly obsessive and odd about it.

Only then did what Sapnap said dawn on Dream, and his breathing sped up to the point of hyperventilating. Tears were forming in his eyes as he slid down the wall onto the floor, shivering

and gasping.

Sapnap quickly recognized the signs of a panic attack, slowly moving towards Dream. "Can I touch you?"

Dream nodded, letting out another sob. He could hear George muttering 'fuck' repeatedly, like a mantra, but he pushed that towards the back of his mind, focusing all of his attention on the shivering boy in front of him.

"Okay Dreamy, you're okay. Can you try and follow my breathing?" He pulled one of Dream's wrists to his chest, taking an exaggerated breath and seeing Dream try and copy him. He pulled himself closer to Dream, squeezing his other hand as the two of them synched their breathing, Sapnap whispering sweet words Dream could barely make out under his breath.

After a few minutes, Dream had calmed down enough for Sapnap to move behind the blond and hug him. His eyes were closing, and Sapnap was going to make him sleep. A friend who had them had told him that he always felt tired after a panic attack, and if he'd had a rough day then he needed a nap afterwards. Sapnap figured Dream looked like he would collapse as soon as he let go, so he held onto the older boy tightly, smiling as George sat down next to them with a tissue and started cleaning the tears and snot off of his face.

"I'm sorry." Dream murmured into his neck. He frowned at the older boy, deciding that he wouldn't like the answer if he asked why.

"I'm sorry too." He instead decided on, watching the older boy fall asleep on the floor, before picking him up and depositing him on the couch, sitting down next to him and seeing George sit next to him.

"Well that went bloody brilliant." George's voice was laced with sarcasm, and Sapnap knew his anger wasn't aimed at anyone in particular.

"I don't think either of us expected him to react like that. I was expecting getting angry, or storming out, or even kicking us out, but I forgot he has panic attacks." How had he forgotten that? He was an idiot.

George chuckled humorlessly. "Give him time. I don't doubt he'll storm out at least once while we're talking."

They were sat in comfortable silence, both texting people and checking their social media, staying quiet for the sleeping boy between them.

Eventually they heard him yawn, and felt him shifting, turning to look at the man. His face had turned bright red, and he opened his mouth to say something, before shutting it and just pointedly looking away from them.

Sapnap knew neither Dream or George would start the conversation, and he mentally sighed.

"You don't need to be embarrassed Dream. It was a panic attack you can't control that."

Dream nodded, sighing and looking up at them. "Okay, what did you need to talk about? Because I do want to go to the cemetery."

"We want to help you." Dream sighed, rolling his eyes at those words. He'd heard them from so many different people and they never did anything.

“Okay, and how do you plan to do that?”

“Well, maybe we could get you someone to talk to?” Sapnap was trying to not yell at the older boy. He didn’t want to argue with him right now.

“Already tried it. Didn’t work.” Dream didn’t sound like he was going to say any more on the matter, but Sapnap tried anyway.

“What happened?”

“Why do you care?” Dream was getting more frustrated, and Sapnap knew that people normally got annoyed when you had these conversations, but he wasn’t a saint. He was going to get annoyed eventually.

“Because I want to help Dream. And I reckon you just had a shitty therapist because I had one for a few months and she was awesome.”

“Well that’s great for you Sap, but I don’t want a therapist. I don’t need a therapist. Unlike you, I’ve never been considered crazy enough to need a shrink.” Sapnap was pissed. If he didn’t want their help he wouldn’t get it.

And so he said that. “Maybe we should just leave you to do whatever you want. If you don’t even want the help, you can do whatever you want. Cut away.”

George gasped, and it registered in his mind what he had just said.

Oh shit.

“Fuck that’s not what I meant I’m so sorry.” The damage was done. Dream stood up, clenching his fists at his sides.

“What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck.” Dream was muttering that as he walked towards the door, as fast as he could, pulling down his sleeves and shirt. He grabbed his keys before he left, and Sapnap flinched away from the thudding sound of the door slamming shut.

He fucked up so bad.

The guilt made him want to throw up, but he was pissed at Dream at the same time. Why couldn’t he just accept their help? Why did he need to insult Sapnap?

George snorted, looking between Sapnap and the closed door. “I was right.”

Chapter End Notes

That took forever and I’m probably going to end up collapsing from exhaustion

Anyways I doubt there’s more than 10 chapters left - I’ll probably make it to 30ish and that’ll be it. I feel like 60,000 roughly is a decent length.

So as always kudos and comments are appreciated

And thanks for reading :)

Chapter 19 - Dream

Chapter Notes

YOUR FAVOURITE MOTHERFUCKER IS BACK!

and no I'm not talking about Jasper I'm talking about myself.

Sorry for the 12 day break I felt guilty the whole time do NOT worry :) I didn't forget y'all however I have somehow managed to push my focus onto something else so I'm not exactly sure what's going to happen.

I mean I know the fic is gonna be finished, but I have so much writer's block and I have no idea what to do here. I'm completely stuck

As always kudos and comments are appreciated :)

Have a good day y'all

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream closed the door to the house, practically breaking into a run as soon as he did.

He wasn't going to drive, he had just grabbed the keys to inconvenience the other two, and make them slower when they eventually decided to find him. He was in a bad mental state to try driving, even he knew that.

So as his breath sped up and the world seemed to start spinning around him, he finally slumped against a tree in the woods, shaking hands combing through his hair as he tried to remember how to breathe.

'Pathetic. You get all dramatic from a few words. Sensitive wimp.'

Fuck, why was he like this? His fingers, which were still clutching onto the keys like they were a lifeline, were digging into his arms, and he could feel unfamiliar bandages, assuming one of the other two had done it while he was passed out.

Or delirious.

It freaked the blond out when he realised he couldn't remember over half of the time he had been sick, probably sleeping and half out of his mind.

But that was probably worse because he was unfiltered when he was sick, his rational brain couldn't do anything and he was stuck doing whatever he felt like.

Or saying whatever he felt like.

And Dream was sure that he would have said some bad things while he was feverish. As it was he had to bite his tongue every few sentences, and he struggled to say socially acceptable things consistently, but he could vaguely remember himself screaming. Although he couldn't recall the reason, which he wasn't sure if he should be grateful for or not.

He briefly considered calling Jasper for help, immediately ignoring the idea. He wasn't sure he wanted to talk to Jasper at the moment.

So Dream forced himself to remember a technique he had found on the internet somewhere. He took a deep breath.

5 things he could see.

Trees. Leaves. Sun. Shoes. Clouds.

4 things he could feel.

Sun on face. Wind on hands. Nails on arms. Tree against back.

3 things he could hear.

Children...screaming somewhere. Animals running around. Cars on a road nearby.

2 things he could smell.

The weird earthy smell in the woods. And shit? It just stank.

1 thing he could taste.

Blood. He had probably bitten his tongue and could feel the blood washing around his mouth.

Another deep breath.

He let himself slump back against the tree, fingers spasming in the dirt, as he felt his mind clear and calm down.

The sun was starting to set and he stood up on shaky legs, wincing when the joints cracked and he finally recognised where exactly he was.

Dream forced himself through the trees and along a path only he knew, until he reached the clearing.

His clearing.

He eventually lay down in the middle, deciding to call Bad. He seemed like the smartest choice, and Dream couldn't really deal with calling any of the other three options at the moment.

The phone rang once before he picked up.

"Dream?"

The man in question let out a small sigh of relief at the familiar voice.

"Who else would it be?" He forced his voice to change into the normal playful tone he used online, feeling his gut twist when Bad didn't respond in the same way. What happened? Was he just paranoid?

'Probably.'

"Sapnap...said something Dream. I think he guessed you'd call me and not him or George." What? No, no, no, no.

"What," his voice broke and he forced out a cough, "what did he say?"

Thankfully Bad seemed to realise he was unhappy and quickly tried to placate him. "Nothing much, I promise, he just told me to tell you that he's sorry and they want you to go home. Possibly send him your location if you would give it to me. Will you give me your address?"

"No." His breathing had slowed down and he smiled slightly at the grin he could hear in the older's voice.

"I didn't think so. But you should probably text him, or tell him that you won't be coming home tonight if you don't want to. I'm sure you could get a hotel at this point."

He nodded, before realising Bad couldn't hear him and letting out a small hum. "I'll think about it."

They said their goodbyes, and Dream left the call, only just noticing the hundreds of texts and calls Sap had sent him in the past few hours.

Shaking his head, Dream took pity on his best friend, calling him.

"Dream?"

The blond was thankful that the other boy couldn't see his face as he turned red. "Hi."

There was a pause where it sounded like George came into the room, and then Sapnap was back on the phone. "We were so worried Dream, I'm so sorry. I never meant it, I promise. I was angry, and fuck, I'm so scared Dream, I don't want to lose you, and it slipped out, and i know thats not an excuse but I'm so fucking sorry."

While he didn't accept the apology completely, he understood the younger boy. He was sure after a day or two of being near him again, the incident would be forgotten. "I'm sorry too."

There was a pause, and suddenly George had the phone. "Are you coming home?"

Dream felt guilt twist in his gut, and it was hours later that he would realise George had called it home for the first time. "Yeah, I'm sorry for scaring you guys. I'm about a 10 minute walk away, I'll see you there." He hung up and started walking home, staring at Jasper's contact in his phone and contemplating calling him.

No, as much as he understood what had happened and why it had happened, he still wasn't ready to forgive the older man, and hoped he could understand.

Rain had started falling heavily, masking the tear tracks on his face and cleaning the dirt off of his body. Dream was completely soaked as he stood outside the door, realising he had forgotten his house keys when he grabbed the car keys.

He knocked on the door, smiling when Sapnap turned up looking flustered immediately, before noticing the state he was in and pulling him inside gently, leading him upstairs with George following them.

Dream let himself be led around, too tired to think, and trusting the other two to look after him. It wasn't like they hadn't done it over voice call before.

The blond was helped into some more comfortable clothes, after the other two had decided he wasn't 'fit to shower himself' and was being taken into the sitting room.

They had made him lay down with his head in Sapnap's lap, as George went to heat up some food for him and he slipped in and out of consciousness, the hand running through his hair lulling him to sleep.

He could hear the other two having a quiet conversation, trying not to wake him up, and he stayed silent as the hand kept running through his hair.

The panic attacks had taken a lot out of him, and having 2 in 1 day had only happened once before. And he couldn't even remember that day. It was mainly what other people told him.

"Should I wake him up?" Sapnap was still combing through his hair as he asked George the question, and Dream assumed George shook his head, as the youngest boy relaxed into the sofa once again.

He didn't mean to listen in to the conversation, but he wasn't going to move, and he didn't want to tell them he was awake, so he stayed silent as they continued talking.

"I'm guessing he had a panic attack or some kind of breakdown wherever he was, and I'm sure he needs the sleep so we can wake him up in an hour, or just get him some food whenever he gets up."

There was a long pause and Sapnap shifted uncomfortably, before finally speaking. "I feel so bad, fuck, if I hadn't said that he wouldn't have left and maybe he'd be okay and he wouldn't have got so annoyed."

George seemed to think for a minute, and the silence stretched uncomfortably until he broke it. "I don't think you should have said that," he agreed, "but I also think the situation was bound to go wrong. Dream wasn't, no, isn't in the best mind and so you shouldn't feel too bad Sapnap. Just try not to get so angry when we next talk to him."

When?

Fuck. Why did they need to have that conversation again? It has happened twice, and both times he ended up having a panic attack.

Sapnap voiced his thoughts. "It didn't work very well the last time George. I don't want to do anything bad to him. I mean we had 2 discussions and he's had 2 panic attacks and gone like...this...once. Excuse me for not thinking that this is very smart. Or helpful. For any of us." None of them actually knew what 'this' was, but it had happened a handful of times where Dream felt like 'this'. More often than not, it just meant he felt really distant from his body and the world, like he was floating. He sometimes forgot time when he was like 'this' and would gain bruises he didn't remember, or even feel, until he came back down and connected with his body.

He always felt really embarrassed after an episode, but right now he didn't care, his mind separated from his body.

"Yeah, but if he has a few freak outs, as horrible as it'll be to watch, he'll finally get the help he needs. And I would like my best friend to stop cutting himself."

He could almost see the wince that flashed across Sapnap's face, and felt the younger man scratch his head slightly, fingers spawning in his hair. "Harsh." They could hear the hurt that Sapnap failed to hide in his tone.

Dream drifted off again before he could hear George's response.

When he woke up he assumed it hadn't been too long, as it was still dark outside and the TV was

playing quietly and Sapnap was still sat there with his head in his lap.

He rolled over, still not wanting to talk. His body felt awkwardly heavy and light at the same time.

“Hey Dreamy, can you stand up for me?”

He nodded, hearing George walk over and look at him, concerned. “This usually only lasts an hour or so, what happened?”

Dream was barely listening, lost in his own mind as Sapnap answered. “Yeah, but today has been crappy and he probably does this more than we know. I don’t think any of us know really. Maybe we can just see if he’s still like this tomorrow? And then if he is we can look it up.”

George hummed and the two of them led Dream towards the kitchen where there was a bowl of noodles.

Dream sat down and started eating, practically ignoring the two in the room, who exchanged concerned glances, before sitting down with their own food.

Eventually, when his mind was functioning normally again, he’d feel bad for eating this.

They kept up a steady conversation as they ate, keeping the topic off of anything that could cause an argument or even make Dream think about the argument, although they were uncertain if he was even listening anyway.

“How have you never watched Rapunzel Sap? That’s literally a classic at this point.” Sapnap was laughing at how bewildered George was, as he kept talking about the importance of watching the ‘classic Disneys’ as he kept calling them.

“It just never came up I guess?” He snorted as George’s face turned even more red.

“Never ca- never fucking came up? How sad was your childhood?” Sapnap laughed so hard he started choking, swallowing with difficulty as he started coughing. “I’m done with you dude.”

George stood up and walked away, ignoring Sapnap’s whines of protest.

Eventually, the three of them had ended up on the sofa, Dream in the middle. Probably hoping skin contact would bring him out of whatever this was. George had grabbed the remote and immediately turned Rapunzel on, grabbing some popcorn and a blanket and shoving it at Sapnap.

“You are going to watch this, and you are going to enjoy it, or so help me god-”

Sapnap cut off his threat with a laugh and his hands raised placatingly. “I’ll sit, I’ll sit, calm down Gogy.”

George’s face turned a darker shade of red, and he climbed into the blanket pile next to Dream, muttering some choice words that Dream never wanted to hear again.

Chapter End Notes

Anyways here is an awkward chapter that I couldn't tell if it was good or not. I hope you guys appreciate it and again I'm so sorry for the long break I took.

Oh and correct me if you see any mistakes

And I have a test I'm totally going to fail because I didn't revise to write this so eek.

Oh and there's this fanfic that's really long and I started reading it and now it's pissing me off because I like reading things in one sitting.

Do you guys think that when you read this? Cuz I literally haven't read the whole fanfic I've read parts of it but some chapters I've never read.

What nationality do you guys think I am? Cuz I'm curious and irl people or other online people keep saying other places because of the way I speak and write and so I'm really kind of curious.

But back to the main thing sorry

As always comments and kudos are appreciated :)

Stay safe you guys <3

Chapter 20 - Jasper

Chapter Summary

I'm so sorry

Chapter Notes

I'm tired and i accidentally deleted what I wrote here and there was a ton of nice stuff and now I'm pissed and upset holy fuck

Anyways, I'm going the fuck to sleep as soon as I've finished writing these notes because I love interacfting with y'all but its too late/early to be doing this.

So I realised earlier today that this is actually a really long piece, and I tried reading a 40k word fanfic and my attention span killed me. I didnt even get halfway through before I needed to do something else. And like that would probably be about half of a regular, publishable book.

AND I MAY NOT HAVE FAILED THE TEST HOLY SHIT

as always, I appreciate the kudos and the comments and love reading them :)

I hope y'all have a good day/night wherever and wherever you are

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Logically, Jasper knew what he was doing was wrong on so many levels. And he could probably get put in jail for it.

But he was worried right? And that meant it wasn't wrong to look out for his friend.

Dream would probably appreciate it.

Right?

He still couldn't squash the guilt that was settling in his stomach as he looked at the three men lying on the couch.

Dream was definitely really sick, and if he could, he would have kept the man with him.

He wasn't good with sick people though, and Dream and his friends would probably appreciate the fact he was bought over.

Jasper probably looked like an odd sight to anyone who was looking, with a camera on his dashboard as he stared at his phone, which was showing the living room scene through the window.

It had the ability to zoom in to any of the windows, letting him see into anywhere he wanted to.

It wasn't like he was planning on spying on the bathroom or anything, but it was good to have options.

He wasn't doing anything wrong. He was just concerned for his friend.

There was nothing more to it, of course not.

And he wasn't at all mystified by the enigma that was Dream.

He was a good person, a concerned citizen, he was doing nothing wrong. He couldn't be.

Dream had been sleeping comfortably, and Jasper was pulled out of his internal conflict by Dream screaming and thrashing.

He kept yelling 'no' and 'I'm sorry'. Jasper was curious about what he was dreaming about.

Sapnap had pinned him down, and George was trying to gently wake up the frantic blond. George had a shallow gouge on his face, presumable from Dream's thrashing, but Jasper couldn't pinpoint exactly when it had happened.

The blond's pretty green eyes had opened, and the look of relief on his face when he saw the other two obviously didn't cause jealousy to spike in his stomach.

Obviously.

Dream seemed to be calming down, until he noticed the blood on his hand. He started thrashing harder, and Jasper had to dig his nails into his knees to stop himself from going inside and interfering.

He was just watching, they didn't know that he was even here.

Sapnap seemed to realise what was happening, and for once he was grateful for the younger man. He took Dream's hand and a wipe, and removed the blood.

Dream ended up sat on Sapnap, cuddling up to the two of them in a way that made him seem even more adorable than normal. The light from the TV was illuminating the small smile on Dream's face as he fell asleep.

Jasper didn't know when he'd drifted off, but he woke up extremely uncomfortable, neck and back aching like he'd slept in a car.

Which he quickly realised he had.

But oh well, he could see the three of them in Dream's room. Sapnap was awake, staring at the other two with a fond look that made Jasper feel slightly frustrated, although he couldn't pinpoint the exact reason for it.

As much as it hadn't sounded particularly interesting to watch his- the blond lie around for four days, sick, Jasper hadn't realised just how boring it would be.

He was currently lying there, on Friday, trying to rationalise to himself why he hadn't just left already.

The usual feeble excuse came to mind, and he chose to cling to it, explaining to himself that he was

simply concerned for his friend's wellbeing.

Of course that didn't require him to spend 4 days-

Nope.

Jasper willed his brain to shut up and stop telling him the things he wasn't brave enough to tell himself.

So, since he didn't want to keep spy- watching over Dream, but he also didn't want to leave the man, he settled for trying to find something about him online.

Of course, Dream was a pseudonym, Jasper wasn't that stupid, but given how easily the name slipped off of his tongue, and how naturally his friends called him that, it wasn't a one time sort of name.

Jasper was further confused by the equipment he had spotted in Dream's room while he was trying to help.

Fuck, Sapnap and George hated him, and although he knew why, it seemed stupid to him, and he was irritated by it.

He had been trying to help since the start, never wishing any harm on his Dre- on Dream, and only wanting him to get better. They had no reason to be jealous.

It wasn't really like there was any competition.

He smiled at himself in the small mirror, running a hand through his hair and smiling.

No, there definitely wasn't any competition.

But when he had been in Dream's room, his eyes had immediately spotted the bookshelf full of fan mail, and the extremely expensive looking pc.

It was higher level than he had, and he used his for his job. He noticed the distinct lack of a webcam, and then looked over at the bookshelf again, noticing it covered in small green items, ranging from what looked like a glass figure of a small green blob, to a handwritten book, entitled 'Adverntures of the SMP'.

Every one had a card placed in front of it, starting with the words 'Dear Dream'.

Hmm.

Of course, he knew the blond's last name, having gone to the cemetery and seen his family's graves.

He had almost felt guilty when he went back to look at the graves. Obviously, Dream had seen the grave of his brother, and so it wasn't like he knew any more information about the shorter boy than the shorter boy about him.

Honestly, Dream probably knew more about him than he knew about Dream.

He was about to open google and see what he could find when something caught his eye.

The three men were in the bathroom, and there was a bath filled with icy water.

Jasper immediately looked away, shame heating up his face as he snapped out of whatever weird mood he had been in for the past few days.

What the fuck was he doing? Spying on his friend in the bathtub?

God, that was so fucked up.

He turned his car around and drove home, cursing himself the whole way back.

The next morning, he was back to normal, cringing from the lack of sleep and food. Fuck, he hated when he did something like that. Logically he knew it was bad, and he shouldn't be allowed, but he also needed to see the person he was interested in. Make sure Dream was okay.

That was the only reason.

Right?

Jasper pushed his hands through his hair, tugging on the strands in frustration and revelling in the sharp, shooting pain on his scalp.

There was something wrong with him. He couldn't even make a friend without being weird.

Fuck. Why was he like this?

Hadn't the world screwed him over enough already?

Why did he have to lose his mind like that every so often as well?

Jasper could notice the signs of slipping into a panic attack, and tried to calm himself before it got any worse.

In for 4.

Hold for 8.

Out for 7.

In.

Hold.

Out.

In...

The black haired man rested his head on the wall, slowly loosening his hands from his hair as his breathing calmed down.

'Pathetic.'

"Shut up." He groaned, burying his face in his hands as the voice returned.

The only good thing about his 'fades' was that the voice disappeared. It shut up, and even if it was only a few days, it was oddly peaceful.

Jasper wasn't sure how long he sat there, just trying to stay calm as he counted his breaths.

And then he remembered what he had been doing before the distraction- the break from the fade.

Should he do it?

Jasper weighed up the options.

On the good side, he would finally know something substantial about the blond, and it may be useful in the future.

If Jasper knew anything for certain, it was that knowledge was always the difference between winning and losing, and having more information on your opponent was almost a guaranteed win.

Not that Dream was his opponent. For now.

But on the bad side, he could also lose his only friend's trust, and possibly find out something that could be particularly distressing to Dream. And he really liked Dream, and he knew the younger man reciprocated his feelings.

He sat there for a solid 10 minutes, before finally deciding to see what he could find.

Within minutes, he had found out a lot of information on not only Dream, but his two other housemates as well. Apparently, there was a lot he was yet to learn about Dream.

"Holy shit." He muttered quietly, seeing the number of things that were up about Dream, and then his eyes widened when he saw the amount people were willing to pay for an image of his face.

He needed time to think about this. Fuck. This was something he'd never thought about before. There were so many options, and all of them had some consequences, so as the moon made its way across the sky, Jasper was thinking about the best way to approach this.

It was late afternoon when Jasper had perfected his plan. Foolproof and smart.

Jasper couldn't help but grin smugly at himself in the mirror on his way out.

When he reached the house, however, Jasper's plan was immediately ruined by a panicked Dream, stumbling out of the house. Of course, the black haired boy recognised the symptoms of an incoming panic attack, so he followed the younger man in his car discreetly, quite certain that he wouldn't be noticed.

He saw Dream in the woods, curled up against a tree as he tried to calm himself down. Jasper wanted to help the shorter man, but as soon as he even tried to think about it, his brain told him how creepy he was, following Dream as he had a mental breakdown.

So instead, Jasper kept looking into his friend and his family, making a whole document where he wrote every piece of information he had down, and started trying to work out how it was most useful to him.

Obviously, selling it was an option, but Jasper could never do that, no matter how much Dream annoyed him, he would respect his identity.

Dream didn't know that though.

So, it was good for a threat, and of course it would be easier to watch over the man if he knew more about him.

Dream seemed to have pulled himself together, and Jasper almost felt bad for thinking about how

to best use his personal information, before reminding himself that it was more a precaution than a plan, and that was okay because he was never actually going to use it.

It was an empty threat.

But, it couldn't hurt to have more right? Information was always good, to hold the information is to hold all the cards and all that bullshit. So he was doing what was best for him.

Dream seemed to be moving now, looking around like he wanted to know where he was.

Jasper had to pinch himself to stop himself from calling out and looking worse than he already did. He knew the younger boy was avoiding his texts and calls, having tried a few times since he realised the blond was healthy once again. That hurt more than he'd like to admit, but he knew it would take a while to be forgiven. It had taken months for Jasper to forgive the friend that told people to help him.

But Jasper didn't want to spend months away from Dream.

Dream was looking at his phone, and Jasper could see that the blond had read his texts, letting out a frustrated sigh when he didn't get anything back. He was angry. Why couldn't Dream see he had been trying to help?

As Dream called 'Bad' who the black haired boy assumed was BadBoyHalo, Jasper felt more frustration bubble up.

He grabbed his phone and opened the camera, taking a few pictures and placing them in a folder named 'Dream'.

They were just a precaution, a failsafe in case he didn't succeed. It wasn't like he was actually going to use them.

Jasper smirked to himself.

Chapter End Notes

If anything goes wrong this time around I fucking give up. I'm too tired to do this rn

Anyways so every time people give me kudos i click on their profile, and obviously I recognise the people I interact with a ton in the comments, and I'm starting to notice y'all on other fics and it's weird when I'm like oh yeah i talk to them every time I post a chapter, damn. Not that I'm complaining, it's kind of cool.

OH and about the actual chapter; so you know Jasper has a dead sibling and relates to Dream and that's part of why they're such good friends? I haven't shown much of that yet, so no, I'm not definitely foreshadowing a villain plot twist, and there are multiple different ideas I am exploring, although I have one idea that seems to stick to me at the moment but honestly I'll probably forget about it by the morning. But basically what I'm saying is stick with me, because it probably won't be as bad as you think.

AND I REALISED THIS TECHNICALLY PROBABLY COUNTS AS A
SLOWBURN FRIENDS TO LOVERS WHAT THE FUCK I DIDN'T REALISE
THAT

My back hurts from being on this computer for too long, and I would have given up, but I know I wouldn't have been able to sleep cuz I didn't post this.

I probably won't be able to sleep anyways

Correct any mistakes you see in the comments please I appreciate you and strongly doubt my writing skills at this time in the morning, I'm so sorry if this is bad but i can never tell. I'll try and change it if it's that awful I guess but I'm struggling a bit today as I'm sure you can tell.

as always, I appreciate the kudos and the comments and love reading them :)

I hope y'all have a good day/night wherever and wherever you are

And now i'm going the fuck to sleep, holy shit. I hope I didn't miss anything or repeat anything.

It's the next morning and my ao3 is broken on my phone I'm so pissed so it may take some time for me to reply to you

Chapter 21 - George

Chapter Summary

Fluff with light angst. Mainly fluff. I smiled writing this. It made me happy.

Chapter Notes

So...last chapter huh. I said y'all were gonna hate me and I even apologised at the start of the chapter, but I couldn't let you have too much nice stuff. I hated Jasper for the last few chapters after I decided I wanted to do that to him so...whoops?

But i have decided that my updating schedule is stupid, and so I'm going to try and stick to updating every Thursday and Saturday. Hopefully. I'm going to try.

People keep saying that I have an american twang to my voice and its annoying, because my british accent is posh as fuck and then there's just the twang and I'm annoyed.

I meant to write this yesterday, and I was up at 3 in the morning to do it and then I ended up scrolling through a tag for hours and that didn't happen. So here it is. in the middle of the night. You're welcome for my horrible timing.

OH AND I PAINTED MY NAILS. AND IM ABSOLUTELY AWFUL AT IT BUT I REALLY LIKE THE COLOURS AND JUST YEAH I NEEDED TO SAY THAT.

Anyways, as always comments and kudos are always appreciated :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This was definitely not going to plan.

George knew it was wishful thinking, but he had hoped that Dream would accept the help he was offered without too much trouble.

Obviously, that hadn't happened. Dream didn't accept the help, which to be honest George didn't blame him for. The man was taught to not accept help, and was ashamed of his condition. The blond was too stubborn and proud for his own good.

George mentally sighed, knowing he was just frustrated and wanted to take it out on something.

But the two of them were idiots and it seemed like only he could see it. Sapnap was insensitive and proud, and Dream was stubborn and proud, and Sapnap had just lost his cousin.

To put it shortly, they were fucked. Fucked up, fucking up, just fucked in general.

And it was really irritating at this point.

Of course, neither of them would do anything, and so once again, George had to try and fix the mess that had been created.

Currently Dream was asleep between him and Sapnap, who were both sat comfortably in the darkness and silence after the movie ended.

Sapnap only then seemed to notice the sleeping blond and his eyebrows raised in surprise, before looking up at George. "What do we do with him?"

George had been thinking about that for the past few minutes. "I don't know. I'd tell you the options, but I'm sure you can guess the three of them, and I don't want to sleep on the sofa tonight."

Sapnap seemed to be thinking too hard for a few seconds, before it clicked and his face lit up. "Oh, so either he sleeps with us or we leave him in his own room?"

"You're an idiot." George smirked at the mock hurt that came over Sapnap's face, followed by the familiar crooked grin.

"An idiot for you Gogy." Sapnap pushed his lips into a pout and George snorted, pushing his face away and instead picking up the blond, who rolled into the warmth of his chest and continued to sleep.

He felt a small smile tug at his lips, and his heart warmed looking at the younger. The decision was made before he properly thought about it. "I'm going to take him into my room, you're welcome to join but it's okay if you don't want to."

"When would I willingly turn down cuddles with my favourite people?" Sapnap put his hand to his heart, and twisted his lips into a frown. George scoffed, rolling his eyes, and nudging the youngest with his shoulder as he started walking up the stairs, shifting the boy in his arms to be as comfortable as possible.

When they reached the room, George gestures to Sapnap to move the covers, which thankfully the youngest did, so he could place the blond down on the bed.

They both climbed in after, moving around until they were comfy; George lying on Dream's chest and Sapnap on his shoulder with an arm wrapped around the older two.

George couldn't pinpoint when the youngest fell asleep, but eventually his breathing evened out, and George was left in the dark with his thoughts.

He couldn't get Dream out of his head. And not in the good way. When he shut his eyes he saw the blank, defeated look that was on his face when he entered, eyes half shut as he stumbled through the doorway.

It pained George to think that he had partially caused that. He had googled it after the first time Dream dissociated, concerned by the younger's behaviour.

Dream had been on call with George, a few years ago when he still lived with his family, and had had to leave for about half an hour to do something with his family.

About an hour later, he still hadn't returned, and George messaged him, worried.

The younger hadn't shown any indication of being back, and George called him, irrationally scared.

The blond had picked up almost immediately. "Dream, gosh, you idiot, I was worried and you

didn't even te-" he cut himself off at the look on Dream's face. Blank, and tired. Somehow his bags seemed darker than they had when he had left the call, and George instead let out a sympathetic noise. "Ah, I'm sorry dude. You wanna talk about it?" He doubted Dream would, but it didn't hurt to ask.

When Dream shook his head, as expected, George nodded, running his hand through his hair and frowning. He quickly checked the time where Dream was, seeing it was getting late at night, and wanting to help remove the bags from his best friend's eyes.

"Okay, can you lay down for me? Just get comfy." George saw Dream shuffle around, still not speaking, which was starting to worry the older, but then the blond nodded, face hidden in a pillow.

George started to talk. He wasn't completely sure what he was talking about half the time, but he was talking about his life and random things that annoyed him. His family, and his friends, and the future.

Years later, he realised that Dream had been listening and had filed away the information for if it ever came up again.

About half an hour later, when he finally stopped, George looked towards the phone, and saw Dream asleep, finally hearing the soft, even breaths across the phone.

He smiled slightly as Dream rolled over in his sleep, his face peaceful in sleep. George was staring at his face, trying to memories this picture, keep it safe so that he could remember this forever.

George wanted to count the freckles on his face, and not for the first time he wanted to be closer to his friend.

It was the middle of the night, and so he settled for lying in front of his phone and staring at the screen, watching the younger boy sleep until his eyelids grew too heavy to keep open, and he also fell asleep.

That was the first time they both slept on call.

George was bought out of his reminiscing by a whimper.

He frowned, half sitting up and looking at the two people also on the bed. Neither of them were showing obvious signs of distress, and so he shook his head, staying sat up.

He wasn't tired, and so he instead grabbed his phone from the bedside table, turning the brightness down and scrolling through Twitter.

He had been going for about 10 minutes when he heard another whimper, and this time Dream moved a little bit, pushing Sapnap off of his shoulder and onto the bed as the blond curled in on himself.

"No, please," Dream whispered, voice cracking as he moved around.

Sapnap had always been a light sleeper. George could remember waking him up on calls just by stepping off the bed and the floor creaking.

Multiple times, he had felt bad as he saw Sapnap try and fall back asleep after he or Dream had woken him up. It normally ended up in the brunet getting little or no sleep when they were on call together.

Which meant that the two of them felt bad when they asked him to call, even though he never got annoyed at them for waking him up.

Which somehow made them feel worse.

But Sapnap jumped straight up, eyes widening like he was under attack.

"Woah, calm down." George raised his eyebrows at Sapnap, who nodded at him and gave a small grin.

"Light-" he started.

"Sleeper." George finished. "I know."

"Yeah." Sapnap smiled sheepishly. Then, something seemed to come to mind and he frowned, brow wrinkling in confusion. "What woke me up?"

"Dream. There may be something wrong. I don't really know. It sort of sounded like there was. But then it didn't. Yeah." George trailed off awkwardly, knowing he sounded stupid as a flush spread across his cheeks. Thankfully it was too dark to actually see. George hoped.

Sapnap let out a small chuckle that made the blush spread further, and George shook his head.

"Okay, why may there be something wrong with Dream?"

"He started making noises." Sapnap choked on a laugh and George's eyes widened knowing where he was going. "Not those noises you dirty fuck."

Sapnap at least had the decency to look embarrassed. "So what kind?"

And Dream chose that moment to whimper again, arms wrapping around himself as he tried to find some kind of comfort.

"Those kind." Sapnap was looking worried as he moved a hand through Dream's hair, letting his lips twitch up into a fond smile as the older leans into the touch unconsciously.

"Do you know why?" Sapnap looked up at him and George had to physically restrain himself from rolling his eyes or answering sarcastically.

"No, I would have fixed it if I did." Sapnap nodded, used to the small jabs from George and the oldest felt guilty as he did. "Sorry, I'm just worried."

"I didn't say anything." Sapnap seemed confused and that was worse.

"You didn't need to. I didn't need to say that, it was insulting and unnecessary and- I just felt bad okay?" Sapnap just shrugged and George nodded, taking that as the only answer he was going to get.

"What do you think is wrong with him?" Sapnap was looking back down at the sleeping blond, who had cuddled back into his side as he lay down.

That definitely wasn't jealousy that George was feeling. Nope. No fucking way.

And it wasn't the reason he moved back towards the two of them, putting his phone down. Obviously.

But just as the three of them were getting comfy again, finally nearly asleep, Dream started

thrashing in the bed, twisting around and yelling at someone.

"Grab his arms!" George was sat on Dream's legs, trying to ignore the gut wrenching cries and instead watching Sapnap pull his arms away from where they'd been scratching at his neck, like they were trying to remove a noose or something.

Feeling for a pulse, his mind supplied helpfully.

Sapnap had grabbed the tallest boy's wrists, and was holding them above his head.

"We should have at least taken him to dinner first." George couldn't stop himself from saying, as he stared at the boy between the two of them, who looked like he was about to cry as he tried to move, finding himself pinned down.

Sapnap let out a surprised laugh. "We took him to brunch, which counts in my book."

"Should we wake him up?" George glanced down at the sleeping blond again, and felt like he was being punched as he stared at the hurt expression on his face and the tears falling down his cheeks.

George almost felt bad for thinking that the blond looked really cute. He was a pretty crier, and while it was still heartbreaking to see him cry, the brunet was sort of jealous. His face went puffy and red when he cried.

Sapnap nodded, which George sort of made out in the dark as he started gently shaking the tallest boy, quietly whispering to him as he woke up. Dream sat up as he woke up, nearly headbutting Sapnap as tears poured down his face. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Dream was whispering as he seemed to collapse into himself.

"It's okay, I promise, no one's upset, you're forgiven for everything." Sapnap pulled him in for a hug, kissing his forehead and holding the blond. George moved towards the other two, wrapping his arms around the still lightly shaking blond who shook his head.

"No, no, its not okay Pandas I told you-"

George wanted to kiss the tears off of Dream's face, he wasn't ashamed to admit it to himself.

Well, he was, but that didn't matter.

"I told you it was okay Dream, you did nothing wrong, I'm sorry. I'm so fucking sorry, I had no right to say that bullshit."

Dream seemed to be calming down and he let out a small giggle that made George smile. "I was being a pain in the ass Pandas I don't blame you. I forgive you."

Sapnap seemed slightly annoyed by the first part of the sentence, and George could see his need to correct Dream fight with the happiness at the blond not crying anymore. The joy won, and he lay down, pulling the older two down with him and laughing as George let out a noise of disapproval. "Cuddle with us Gogy." He pouted and made grabby hands.

George snickered at the youngest, but he looked at Dream on his chest and nodded. Dream was clinging to the youngest like a koala and his eyes were only half open. George placed a small kiss on his forehead, because he could, and lay down next to the other two, moving into the warmth.

Finally, lying with his boys, George found that he could sleep again.

I HAVE AN AVERAGE OF OVER 2K WORDS PER CHAPTER AHHH

Sometimes i can't tell if I'm going over 'engaging with your audience' and into 'oversharing and revealing weird things about yourself' I can never tell what's too much so yeah that's exciting.

Last chapter, I woke up to 23 emails about comments on the fic and I was literally terrified and I sent my best friend a screenshot freaking out because i expected someone to yell at me in the comments for ruining Jasper so...thanks for not doing that cuz I was terrified.

I still hate typing on my computer cause theres no autocorrect for anything which is pissy and I write it in Wattpad so I know the word count, which is really dumb because I literally don't use it otherwise.

Oh, and I got nail paint on my bed which is great.

I've written like 700 words in 2 hours cause a friend started talking to me and I got distracted and so it took forever. And then while I was procrastinating earlier it went from reading fluffy Dream centric one shots to...video game smut? I think? And then I was sad because the main characters died and they were in love and it was sad.

This was totally self indulgent because I've wanted to write something like this for ages, so I don;t know if you guys like it but it made me happy to write it and I thought it fitted into the story okay.

In other news I need to start reading tags cause I almost read a piss kink fic which was terrifying. However I realised before it got to the piss so that was okay.

I'm going to read through the whole fic for the first time ever tomorrow which is probably really bad, but oh well.

Correct me if you find any mistakes and I think I've written enough random bullshit about myself to take up a few secinds of your time.

As always comments and kudos are always appreciated :)

Thanks for reading, get some food, water and sleep because I KNOW you guys need that shit and stay safe.

G'night and see y'all in the morning.

Edit: it's Tuesday now and I've spent the last two days correcting this grammar and spelling throughout the whole fic and holy shit there were too many sorry

Chapter 22 - Dream

Chapter Summary

Angst? I guess?

Chapter Notes

So I promised you Thursday and Saturday and I'm going to change it to Wednesday and Saturday because I don't want to do it on Thursday and that's a bad split up.

But here is a Thursday update :)

I wrote this in under an hour and so that was exciting, but I'm not sure how this is.

This is more of a build up than anything, because I have good ideas, but I also wanted there to be a little more tension first.

Oh and there was a fat spider on my bed and I screamed and it was so scary.

I hate spiders.

They're so creepy like what the fuck? Why do 8 legged and 8 eyes things even exist? Ugh they're so scary and for what?

But then I saw a tiktok saying what if spiders think they're our friends and then get upset when we kick them out our rooms or kill them and now I feel bad so I don't know what to do with that.

And I'm so touch starved this is weird to write because I really like reading it but it feels weird at the same time

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream loved the space in between being awake and asleep. The warm feeling where he was unaware of the problems that haunted him when he was awake, and could just lie happily in the warmth of the morning.

Of course, as soon as he actually woke up slightly, Dream felt a rush of embarrassment, causing his face to heat up where he was lying on the chest of Sapnap.

And then he remembered the events of last night. And this early morning.

With his luck, his face managed to heat up more and he shifted slightly, not sure what to do. He was rarely the first one awake, but since they had moved in with him, he had started to notice that the bags in his eyes were fading, and he wasn't needing so much sleep.

As much shit that had happened in the week and a bit that they had been living with him, he was also probably more healthy than he had been in months. Maybe even years.

You see, as much as Dream tried to make sure the people around him were okay, whether that be listening to them complain about their problems, or lending them things, buying what they needed, he always liked to be there for them. He liked feeling appreciated, and useful. And he hated when the people he loved were upset or inconvenienced.

However, when it came to the blond man himself, he often neglected his needs, refusing to do the simplest tasks to make his life easier. Sometimes he would stay awake for days at a time, because there was so much he wanted to do, and there wasn't enough time. So, as a result, he was never really that healthy, instead focussing on other people.

Like George and Sapnap. Who he assumed were just realising what a state their best friend was in.

Dream was a complete mess, and as much as he hated to think about it, he probably needed their help more than they needed his.

He was completely useless.

His face had cooled down, and he could feel George shuffling around behind him, waking up. Fuck. They were going to have to talk when he woke up.

So he did what any self respecting adult does.

He pretended to stay asleep.

Of course George didn't realise that he was asleep, or maybe he did. Dream wasn't certain until he saw the older's next actions. Or rather felt them.

George had sat up, the dip in the mattress the only thing Dream could feel. He was whispering something to himself so quietly Dream couldn't even make it out in the silence of the early morning.

It was still for so long that Dream started to fall asleep again. He was so close to falling asleep, that he wasn't completely sure that he didn't imagine the kiss that was placed on his forehead by a brown haired brit.

His brown haired brit.

Yeah, he liked that.

The thought was still on his mind when he woke up a few hours later, the light streaming into the room as he turned into Sapnap's neck, trying and failing to block out the sun.

He hated the sun. He liked sleeping.

"Is he even awake?" George whispered to Sapnap above him, running a hand through his hair as he grunted something that he hoped sounded like an affirmation, and not him snorting in his sleep.

The chest beneath him shook slightly as Sapnap laughed quietly. "You wanna get up? It's almost midday."

Dream was about to shake his head, before deciding against it and sitting up, yawning and stretching like a cat.

“Sleeping beauty finally woke up?” George grinned teasingly and he snorted.

“I am beautiful. Thanks for noticing Georgie.”

Sapnap covered his laughs with coughs, and George prodded him in the side before turning to Dream, who raised his hands in surrender. “Woah, there’s no need to get violent Gogy, we can talk this-”

And George dove at him, starting to tickle the younger.

Dream had told George a few years ago, and made him swear to never tell anyone that the blond was terribly ticklish.

So when George dove at him he started giggling immediately, almost screaming at him to stop.

“You-you fucking,” he paused and started laughing again as George reached his torso and he almost yelled at the new onslaught. “You fucking TRAITOR.”

And then Sapnap joined in.

The youngest pinned his arms down, joining George until the tallest had tears streaming down his face, and his voice was hoarse from the screaming.

“Please?” He almost whimpered at the other two, who laughed at him, but did so anyway, moving away and just grinning at him.

“Need some help getting up from there Princess?” Sapnap smiled at him patronisingly.

He barely managed to dodge the pillow that was thrown at his head.

They were all laughing as they went downstairs, George and Sapnap grabbing their breakfast, and Dream giving a half assed excuse about being too drained from the tickling to want food.

That was dismissed with a couple of strange looks, and the three of them sat down, Dream with a glass of water and the other two with their plates of food.

“Are we going to talk about last night? Or yesterday as a whole?” George broke the tense silence and Dream looked at him in surprise, expecting Sapnap to do that.

“Well, I wasn’t planning on it.” He didn’t look at either of them, staring at his cup as if it was the most exciting thing ever, but he made no move to stand up.

“I think George means that we need to talk about it Dream.” Sapnap was looking at him intensely and Dream nodded.

“Yeah, I guessed. I just didn’t want to. Don’t want to.”

George nodded and thought for a few minutes. “Okay, we will talk about it at some point, and that is a promise, but for now we haven’t streamed in a couple of weeks and so maybe we could either join someone else’s or just start our own? I’m sure the fans will want to hear their favourite green boy.”

Dream sighed, running a hand through his hair. “Yeah, I should probably do that. We should probably do that. It’s been way too long.”

He checked his phone for the first time that morning, and felt his stomach drop slightly when he saw 20 messages from Jasper. He wasn’t sure why, but the number of texts was off, and he

scrolled through them, becoming more confused by the second.

Jasper: I know who you are

Jasper: you don't need to hide

Jasper: please stop ignoring me

Jasper: Dreammmmm

Jasper: come onnn, don't tell me you're still annoyed?

He ignored most of them, until he noticed the last one and almost screamed, dropping his phone in the process and wincing at the resounding crack.

Jasper: come on Dream, or should I say Clay?

What in the ever loving fuck?

The other two watched, concerned as he scooped up the phone and tried to think about what to text back.

"Are you okay? What happened?" Sapnap was looking confused and slightly freaked out, eyebrows drawn together in the adorable way that they did when he was bemused.

"Yeah." He let out a chuckle that sounded weak and unsure to his own ears, seeing the other two wince and refusing to look at the pity that was definitely on their faces. "It's just a weird message it's nothing I swear."

Taking a deep breath he started typing, erasing the message multiple times.

Dream: Who are you?

Nope, that was dumb he knew who Jasper was.

Dream: What the fuck?

That seemed like he was admitting to being the person Jasper had discovered he was.

Dream: Don't contact me again.

Too cruel. Maybe he was reading this wrong and there was a normal reason for Jasper to be asking that. Or he had accidentally found it.

So eventually he picked a message and stuck with it.

Dream: Jas, are you okay?

He had to admit, it made him sound quite manipulative, and although it sent a stab through his heart when he realised, he knew he needed to say that. And he didn't want the older boy to get annoyed and release whatever he had to the public before Dream at least got a look at it. Dream first needed to know what Jasper had on him.

His heart jumped when he saw Jasper text back immediately, almost shivering with anticipation.

Jasper: Almost as manipulative as your own character Dream. I thought it was roleplay but maybe there's another element to it. A little truth perhaps?

Dream flinched at that, swallowing at the harsh insult as the typing icon came back again and dread started to seep through his bones.

Jasper: but yes, I'm quite okay. Better than okay in fact. I know who you are Clay. I know what you look like. I know who all of your friends are. I'm doing perfect.

Dream coughed violently and forced a smile not to worry the other people at the table. It obviously wasn't working, but he didn't care, too involved in the conversation that could ruin his whole faceless career.

Dream: I'm sorry. But if you know all about me then you've got to know that releasing my face or personal information is not going to help. Or make me happy. And I know everything you do is trying to help me.

He was throwing out hooks blindly, trying to find something to catch onto, something he could play into to make sure the other boy didn't release anything. He just needed a little bit of time and leverage. Something to work with.

The blond was almost praying as the typing icon came up, hoping that whoever was up there was give him a break.

His luck was never the best, but this somehow managed to take the shit cake, being worse than most of the unlucky things to happen to him.

The flirty boy he had met at his door didn't seem to be the same one texting him, and he was hoping whoever was listening would give him one piece of good luck, something he could hook on to.

This text seemed to be taking longer, and Dream felt irrational hope, that maybe he had found the right thing. He was doing damage control at this point, cursing himself for ever talking to the friendly man.

Jasper: I know it doesn't help you Dreamy, but you know how much I just want to make you happy. And I know you'd be so much happier if you would only listen to me. I don't want to release anything, I really don't, and it upsets me to think I may have to, but you know I only want what's best for you. Please, listen to me.

He almost rolled his eyes, catching himself and just typing back as fast as he could. Knowing that he could twist this his way.

He didn't like doing anything like this, hating every tap of the keyboard as he typed out what he hoped was a decent response.

Dream: I get that Jas, I really do, and I know you never want to hurt me. That's why I'm saying you should help me in a different way. I appreciate everything you do for me, and I need you to delete whatever you have, or promise me that you'll never post it. I've only known you for a week, but it feels like ages, and I don't want to have to end this because you break my trust.

Ugh, he sounded just as bad as Jasper did, but he threw in the weird, sappy part at the end to appease the older, hoping it would change his view a little bit, hopefully protecting himself a little bit further.

He would never do this again as long as the other boy just promised he'd never post what he had.

So, he turned off his phone, and hoped the other man wouldn't follow through on his threat.

Well, that was fun.

I'm going to do fluff next chapter I think, and I ended up procrastinating doing this for ages. Which was shitty and stupid. But oh well.

And I totally failed the test I did a few days ago. Because I didn't study and I winged it and it was so horrible. I literally wanted to cry

But then I also managed to lost my phone charger for an hour later that day and my phone was so close to dying and I was so scared because my phone has never died before and I want to keep up my record.

That makes me sound like such a weirdo.

But yeah.

And then today my friend wanted to watch a horror movie with me and I'm really bad with horror films but I did, and now I'm freaked out and I feel like an idiot.

I am an idiot.

Oh and I got a vaccine and the woman who did it was really annoying and rude to me which was kind of shitty.

It was kind of funny too though.

So I spent like 3 hours reading dreamnotnap fics and then I remembered I had to do this and I love writing don't get me wrong, but I forgot and felt bad.

OH AND I READ A FIC WHERE THEY KEPT WRITING GEORGE SAYING WHAT AS 'WOT' AND IT PISSSED ME OFF I DONT KNOW WHY BUT IT WAS SO ANNOYING NO BRITISH PERSON HAS EVER MEANT THAT UGH YOU CAN JUST WRITE WHAT WE ALL KNOW HE HAS A BRITISH ACCENT.

I feel like i shouldn't have written that but oh well.

Anyways, have a good day or night wherever you are <3

Sleep well if you're going to do that.

And eat or drink or do something productive idrk.

But as always kudos and comments are always appreciated

And I'm going to bed so goodnight

Bye for now :)

Chapter 23 - Sapnap

Chapter Summary

Fluff

Chapter Notes

Short sorry I don't have much time I'm doing finals and it's stressful fuck

Sapnap was getting more and more concerned by the second as Dream stared at his phone. The older's face was a mix of regret and fear that Sapnap knew couldn't be anything good. Even George was watching the blond carefully, trying to figure out what he was thinking.

But then he put his phone down, and sighed in relief, and Sapnap tried to believe it was okay.

Tried.

Dream would tell them if there was something wrong right?

He nodded to himself, tuning out the small voice that was pointing out what had happened over the past few days proved the exact opposite.

Dream had noticed them staring, and decided to break the silence. "So, who's going to stream today? I just checked and Karl's streaming, and so is Tommy, so we can pop in on either or one of you two can start your own?"

Sapnap thought for a second before shaking his head. "No, I think we should join in on Karl's because we haven't been on one of his in a while."

"We haven't been on anyone's."

"Yeah, but-"

"Does it matter? Let's join before he ends the stream." George interrupted him and Sapnap smiled, sending a grateful nod towards the oldest and going towards his bedroom as the other two did the same.

"Bye?" He wasn't sure why he felt the need to say it, but he waved as his friends left him alone in his room.

The feeling of loneliness was short lived though, as he quickly joined the stream, seeing Karl was on the smp and George had just joined as well.

"Hey?" He was oddly nervous, and Sapnap shook himself mentally. Why was he worried? He'd done this hundreds of times before.

“Sapnap it’s been ages!” Karl saw he had joined and he smiled.

“Karl! Hey, it’s been too long!”

Dream joined and received the same welcome.

“So, how’s living together?” Karl had checked chat before asking the question, and Sapnap was certain that had been a question.

He was wondering whether or not to answer the question, when thankfully, George did instead. “It’s been awesome. Even though my bed and clothes and stuff wasn’t here for like a week.”

Dream snorted. “You could have slept with me, and as for the clothes I wasn’t opposed to you just leaving them off.”

Sapnap wasn’t sure what to feel about that. He was obviously amused by the flirting, but something that felt weirdly like jealousy was in his head, and he didn’t like it.

Why was he jealous?

The feeling only grew as George continued, laughing almost silently. “I did sleep with you Dream. Multiple times. The first night we were sleeping together for hours, I even-”

“Woah, okay, not on my stream. I don’t want to get banned dude.” Sapnap was happy that Karl cut it off, forcing a small laugh at the older twos’ flirting.

The stream continued for a few hours, as they joked and flirted. Sapnap was flirting with Karl way more than usual, and Dream and George were making dirty jokes constantly, causing his stomach to drop.

“I’m tired, so thanks for all the donations and I’ll end stream here.” Karl ended, and looked up at the three of them finally, letting out a sigh with a smile.

“So how are you guys? No ones been texting much, so I’m guessing it’s gone well. And Dream getting sick? I’ve never heard of that before man, you’ve never got so much as a cold when I’ve known you. Damn.”

Dream answered pretty quickly, and Sapnap felt like he didn’t want the other two to answer the question first, although he wasn’t sure why.

“We’ve all been pretty good. Nothing that exciting has happened we just haven’t ever all met up before so I know I definitely haven’t kept in contact with that many people. Sorry. But yeah, completely random virus, and it had me completely out for a week. Neither of them caught it either, which is completely unfair cause that fucker was miserable. God, I felt like I was dying. But it was gone soon enough, it was just kind of stupid. But at least sick dream was trending on Twitter for ages. That was weird when I was okay.” He paused for a few seconds. “How are you guys?”

Karl smiled and looked at his door, where Sapnap assumed Quackity was. “Yeah, we’re doing okay. It was the one year a few days ago, so we went out and that was really fun. Everything seems to be going well, and Jimmy still wants to do something with you when you’re free and happy Dream. But other than that, nothing much has happened to us either.”

Sapnap almost felt jealous of their relationship. As much as he flirted with Karl, it wasn’t either of them that made him jealous, no, he was just saddened by his lack of a stable relationship. He had never had a properly serious partner, and it was almost annoying when he saw Karl and Big Q

together. The two of them were such a good pair, and their relationship was perfect. No one on the smp had been remotely surprised when they announced they were dating.

“That’s awesome Karl. One year? It doesn’t feel like it’s been that long.” The older seemed to light up at that and he nodded grinning.

“I know right?” Pause. And an apologetic look. “But we have some plans tonight, and so I’m going to have to go and get ready soon. It was really nice seeing you guys though, and we should do that again soon!”

They all said their goodbyes, leaving the call and eventually finding themselves in the living room, sitting in comfortable silence as Sapnap scrolled through the tweets of ‘they’re back’ and the usual.

“I didn’t realise they missed us that much?” Dream looked guilty and Sapnap grinned at him, moving closer on the couch.

“They always miss us dude, it’s part of being famous.” Dream nodded, placing his feet on the armrest right next to the younger boy.

“Fair enough, it’s just weird seeing us trending for ‘coming back’. I mean we’ve only been gone for a week.”

He was going to reply, he really was, but then he smelt Dream’s feet.

It should be illegal for things to smell like that.

So he put his own feet on Dream’s chest, right in front of his face, watching with satisfaction as the older’s face wrinkled with displeasure.

“The fuck Sap? Those stink. Move.” He pushed Sapnap’s feet onto the floor and pushed his own onto the younger’s face.

“Fuck off.” He moved Dream’s off, smiling as the older glared at him, sitting up.

“You little-” Dream lunged at him and Sapnap cackled as they crashed to the floor, rolling over and play fighting.

Dream winced at one of the blows Sapnap landed and he frowned, pausing. “Are you okay?”

And then he was smacked in the head. By a pillow.

And like any self respecting adult, he grabbed another cushion and hit Dream with it, repeatedly, until he managed to pin the older down, sat on his chest, holding his arms down with his legs and smacking him.

Dream was weak from laughing, calling for George as hit after hit was landed. “Help- George,” he whined at the older, pouting, and he looked ridiculous.

Ridiculously adorable.

What the fuck?

Why did he think that?

Because he’s in lo-

Nope, not thinking about that.

George was watching the two of them, just recording as Dream was beaten.

Finally, Sapnap collapsed from laughter, resting on Dream's chest and setting one of the pillows beneath his head.

The other ended up beneath Dream's, and Sapnap smiled at the odd domesticity of the scene.

A hand was unconsciously rubbing up and down his back, and George had gone back to staring at his phone, as had Dream.

But Sapnap shut his eyes, pushing the pillow out from below him, because it was 'too uncomfortable' when he just wanted to listen to the older's heartbeat.

His eyes shut, and he didn't fall asleep, just lying quietly and listening to Dream's heart. Dream didn't move, and Sapnap knew his back was probably killing him, but at this moment he didn't care, enjoying it and staying put.

"Is he asleep?" He heard Dream whisper about half an hour later, and he heard George hum, imagining the cute crease between his eyebrows as he thought.

"I don't know. He doesn't look asleep?"

Sapnap nodded into Dream's chest. "Mhm, I'm awake, just comfy, and I don't want to move."

Dream was quiet for a second, before grabbing Sapnap's knees and lifting him up, pulling him into his chest and moving towards the sofa, lying back down and letting the younger cuddle into him.

Sapnap assumed he looked up at George, when he asked, "Do you want to join too?"

The youngest waited a second, and when there was no reply he groaned, reaching out blindly and grabbing the oldest's slender wrist, pulling him down.

"Shut the fuck up and lie with us dude." There wasn't a reply, and he hadn't been expecting one, but the older lay with them, not leaving, and instead leaning into the touch.

There was a hum from George, and Dream shifted them to grab his phone, scrolling through something and laughing every so often.

Sapnap smiled into his neck every time Dream laughed, the vibrations soothing as he dozed.

Him and George were sleeping off and on for hours, until the doorbell rang, and Dream somehow extracted himself so he could get it.

"Food is here!" He yelled back at them, bringing them pizzas each.

"When the fuck did you get those?" He asked, at the same time George said something he hadn't noticed yet.

"Why are there only two?"

Dream turned to Sapnap, answering his question first. "You were both asleep, so I got up and I ordered food. Then, I was hungry, so I ate something." He directed the ending towards George, who nodded.

“What do you want to watch?”

“I don’t mind.”

They all settled down, and Dream sat in between the two of them, glancing down at his phone every few minutes and frowning as the screen lit up.

Sapnap knew that Dream muted anywhere he was likely to get multiple notifications frequently, so he was confused about who was texting him, but he didn’t say anything, and instead focused on the movie, leaning into Dream and letting himself just relax in the warmth and the movie. George had grabbed popcorn at some point, but only he and Sapnap were eating it, as Dream seemed to fall asleep in the middle of the movie, as he seemed to constantly now.

He was always so tired.

Sapnap was focussing too much on the man he was laying on, his last thought being of his best friend as he fell asleep.

Chapter 24 - Jasper

Chapter Summary

I don't know. Angst?

Chapter Notes

I know you missed me :)

How are y'all doing? I didn't write anything on the last chapter and I feel bad, sorry.

So I have given up on finals, and I am so screwed it's concerning.

But on a lighter note, I'm planning on finishing this by the end of July latest. Cuz I have this huge plan for August, and I'm going to post a ton, I literally have a 31 day plan set up.

That sounds like I'm organised, I'm not, I'm just excited as fuck.

And I think I'm getting sick. Well, I am sick. Which is kind of pathetic. I mean I've been doing fine during a fucking pandemic and now I'm sick what the fuck?

Anyways, kudos and comments are always appreciated :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He was hunched over his phone with a mug of coffee, staring at the screen as the bitter liquid burnt his throat as it went down.

Why the fuck was Dream ignoring him? He had done nothing to the blond. Or at least nothing that he knew of.

Jasper had spent the last few days looking into the other man's life, gaining a portfolio of pictures. He had a document full of everything from Dream's medical history to his high school graduation photo.

But last night something had snapped, and after days of radio silence he had finally texted the blond, starting off with a casual 'hey' (which he was exceptionally proud of) and ending with 'come on Dream, or should I say Clay?' (which he was less proud of). He was an idiot for revealing his knowledge this early, but the blond needed to do what he asked.

He saw the moment Dream looked at his messages, and held his breath excited as there was a few seconds of silence. He could almost picture the horror on Dream's face and it made him feel happier.

Then the texting bubble came up, three dots moving achingly slow. For what felt like hours, although he knew it was only minutes, Dream seemed to weigh up what to say in his head.

Finally, he settled on something short and incredibly stupid.

Dream: Jas, are you okay?

God, the man couldn't be more manipulative if he tried. Jasper had heard the sentence from so many people so many times and it never failed to amuse him.

This time however, he thought for a few seconds. If Dream was saying it maybe it was true?

Was he okay? Was this okay?

He ignored the small voice that was screaming at him to stop and smiled to himself, knowing this was one conversation he had under control.

Jasper: Almost as manipulative as your own character Dream. I thought it was roleplay but maybe there's another element to it. A little truth perhaps?

That seemed cruel, and Jasper could picture Dream flinching at the hard words, because it was honest. And true. The man had been trying to manipulate Jasper.

The thought was almost laughable. Dream? Manipulate him? Never.

So he typed out the next message, just as vicious and careful. This was a game, and he needed to play it just right if he wanted to win.

Jasper: but yes, I'm quite okay. Better than okay in fact. I know who you are Clay. I know what you look like. I know who all of your friends are. I'm doing perfect.

Revealing more information, probably stupid. Definitely stupid.

But he couldn't help himself, Jasper was lost in his mind, and he needed to know who Dream was, the enigma who had captured his gaze and his heart.

Of course Dream would come round to him soon anyway. He was better than Sapmap or whatever the fuck his name was. And the weird small brown haired man that he never cared to learn the name of.

They were no match for him. Options, but not options that he'd pick. Not options that anyone would pick. They were useless trash, participation prizes against Jasper himself.

He was being kind to even let Dream have a chance with a God like him.

But the blond interested him, and he wasn't prepared to give him up so soon. If the prize wasn't worth it, the chase certainly was. He hadn't felt so invigorated, so energetic and focussed, for ages. This was refreshing, and he was almost too lost in his excitement to register Dream starting to type back.

Suddenly the fear came crashing back and he realised that he shouldn't do this. He was about to apologise, he was so damn close, but he changed his mind almost too quickly, deciding to let this play out and see what Dream texted him back.

Finally, fucking finally, the text popped up, a notification that briefly lit up the room he was in.

For another second, his mind was distracted, disgusted with himself over the state of his room. There were bloody bandages on the bed and cans of beer and coffee. The room stank, and was filled with dirty laundry that he had never picked up.

Fuck, he was such a mess. He needed to fix so much stuff. But before he thought too hard about it, he remembered the text, pulling it up and squinting at the words through the headache forming.

Probably too much alcohol. And not enough food. Now he thought about it he hadn't eaten in days. Or spoken to anyone.

Dream: I'm sorry. But if you know all about me then you've got to know that releasing my face or personal information is not going to help. Or make me happy. And I know everything you do is trying to help me.

He started to type, pausing and hitting his head on the wall by accident. Fuck. Now wasn't the time to start thinking. He was too far in now. He needed to sink with the ship.

But was he helping Dream by doing this? Was that what he wanted to do?

Of course, right? He wasn't a bad person, sure sometimes he was misguided and impulsive but he wasn't a bad person right? He couldn't be.

But the text still seemed to take longer to type out, fingers sluggish.

That may have also been from the alcohol.

The pounding in his head felt like someone smacking him over the head with a metal pole repeatedly, but he ignored it, pushing through.

He'd had worse. He'd survive.

So he thought carefully as he wrote the texts, trying to say what he wanted to without being affected by the alcohol, or the hangover.

He wasn't sure which one it was to be honest.

But he was taking too long, and he could feel his mind fogging over, hoping this conversation would at least be over soon.

He needed sleep. And food. And probably a shower and some water.

Jasper: I know it doesn't help you Dreamy, but you know how much I just want to make you happy. And I know you'd be so much happier if you would only listen to me. I don't want to release anything, I really don't, and it upsets me to think I may have to, but you know I only want what's best for you. Please, listen to me.

The black haired boy almost scoffed at his own message, but refrained, instead switching his phone off, and the light on, and stumbling down the stairs to reach some food.

He grabbed something that was probably half mouldy, but he didn't care, cramming it in his mouth and almost moaning at the pain in his stomach lessening for a second.

Just a few more minutes and he could check the message Dream had inevitably sent. He just needed to shower, and pick up some things off of his bed, and then he could check it.

Jasper showered within minutes, feeling happier now that the dirt was off of him. Then he set out cleaning his room, checking that he had finished all the alcohol in the house and throwing all the bottles and mugs that were definitely ruined at this point out.

It wasn't perfect, but he could deal with it for now. It wasn't awful, and he could finally lie down

on his bed.

As soon as he touched the soft sheets, he felt like he could collapse, half falling onto the bed and crashing immediately.

He wasn't completely sure he had slept in the past week.

About three hours later, he woke up to the loud sound of cops driving down the street, sirens blaring, and he groaned into a pillow that somehow still smelt slightly like Dream.

He missed the younger lying in his arms, even if he had been burning up he was adorable.

But he picked up his phone, and decided to check the message that was obviously on his phone.

It was dark outside, and he could see that Dream and the others had streamed with Karl. Jasper vaguely remembered Karl to be the YouTuber. And that he was close with the threesome.

Dream: I get that Jas, I really do, and I know you never want to hurt me. That's why I'm saying you should help me in a different way. I appreciate everything you do for me, and I need you to delete whatever you have, or promise me that you'll never post it. I've only known you for a week, but it feels like ages, and I don't want to have to end this because you break my trust.

That was harsh. And very straightforward.

It also made him angry. Who the fuck was Dream to threaten him? Pathetic moron. He didn't deserve Jasper, he was worthless.

Jasper immediately started texting back angrily, sending message after message to the man and hoping for an answer soon.

He probably sent around 20 texts, feeling slightly guilty after as he looked at all of the names he had called the blond boy.

After about 10 minutes of no reply, Jasper started to consider other options. Maybe Dream was ignoring him. He couldn't fault the other boy if he was.

So instead, he grabbed some food, vaguely thinking of Dream as he cooked, and decided to turn his phone off for the day.

Jasper had curled up in his bed with a bowl of ramen. It had always been a comfort food for him, from when he was 6 and sick, his mother would make it for him, or even when his brother had passed, and he spent weeks alone, not talking to anyone or letting anyone in.

So it seemed fitting that he would be eating it now, in bed, watching a show that reminded him of the blond.

Eventually he finished the food, pulling the bowl down and starting the process of clearing up days worth of mess. He started by washing up all the dirty items, drying them and putting them away.

Then he started wiping down the surfaces, removing more cans of alcohol and tubs of random bits of stale food.

Eventually, after about an hour of cleaning, it looked how it had before, and he sat down in a chair, pouring himself a drink and staring out of the window.

His mind carried him back to his phone, wondering if Dream had replied to him yet, and if not what

the younger was doing.

From what he knew about the younger, he often had impromptu movie nights, ending up with them sleeping together.

When he has stayed over, somehow that had come up and Jasper had felt a sense of longing to have something like that.

Although he was close with his own friends, none of them had the same relationship that Dream and his friends seemed to have.

They knew everything about each other, and they were always joking or talking.

George and Sapnap were in love with each other.

And Dream, of course.

Jasper had noticed it as soon as he spoke to the blond, the way that Sapnap had glared at him throughout the conversation, daring him to say more.

Obviously, he had continued to flirt, going so far as to smile at Sapnap while Dream wasn't looking.

It was exhilarating, knowing how much he was pissing the brunet off, winking at him as he left and knowing Dream didn't know a thing.

He had already known they weren't going to be good friends.

From there he met George the day they had been at the cinema, and the shortest man had been nothing if not hostile, trying not to be polite.

From the recognition, he could tell Sapnap had told George who he was, and neither of them seemed to be happy, which made him even more interested in getting to know the blond.

He had tried to be there for the blond as they hurt him constantly.

And this was what he got in return?

Chapter End Notes

So I can't tell if that makes him better or worse as a character. Which is fucking fantastic.

And my cat came in at like 4 in the morning yesterday.

So basically I sometimes leave my window open so she can come in because I feel bad and I was hoping she'd make me get up in the morning by meowing.

But she came in at 4 in the morning which at first annoyed me but then she ended up sleeping on me for like 2 hours and my legs were cramping like fuck but it was so cute.

Like I hate her, but she was so adorable

Anyways, kudos and comments are always appreciated :)

Go the fuck to sleep fuckers or at least get something to eat because I know y'all need it.

And have a good day/night

Or else <3

Chapter 25 - Sapnap

Chapter Summary

Angst?

Chapter Notes

It's the beginning of the end people.

I've figured out that this story is probably going to stop at chapter 34 as an epilogue. Then I'm going to write 2 one shots that go along with this, and then the whole thing will be complete.

And that'll be perfectly before the start of August and I'm set.

I keep meaning to write these over the week or during the day and it never happens, which is really annoying because then I panic about not having another chapter at the promised time.

I DIDNT FAIL THE SCIENCE FINAL AND I SPENT LIKE A DAY STRAIGHT JUST CRAMMING WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER OR SLEEP AND IT WENT FINE AND I DONT THINK I FAILED.

Anyway, once again I have something I kind of want to write but I can't tell if it's beyond interacting as a friendly author with you guys or it's just me being weird and gross so...

But I sat down for an hour a few days ago and just planned out the next 5 weeks of uploads. Which was really helpful and I don't know why I didn't do this earlier.

It's weird to me that this is like 50k words cuz that's the length of some normal books and it seems so wrong.

I accidentally showered and hit a fly with the water and ended up in the shower for like 10 minutes with a dead fly.

Happy reading :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap hated being a light sleeper.

He would wake up at the smallest noises, and could never stay asleep for more than a few hours. When he was about 10, and the summer night had been extremely hot, he had discovered that leaving the window open meant he couldn't sleep at all.

Which sucked ass.

So when he woke up, on the sofa and very confused, he was just about to go back to sleep when he realised what had disrupted him.

Dream's phone was flashing, the screen flicking on and off rapidly as he gained multiple notifications at a time.

Sapnap was confused. Dream muted everyone he didn't know personally, and no one normally texted him at night, or if they did it was one or two messages, not the hundred that seemed to be popping up every second.

So he detached himself from the sleeping blond next to him, smiling softly as Dream turned over to George and cuddled up to the warmth, still asleep.

He stood up, cracking his joints as Sapnap stretched languidly and walked over to the table the phone was on.

Of course, he didn't mean to pry, but he picked up the phone to turn it off and the face recognition immediately recognised him, showing a preview of the messages on the home screen.

The three of them could all get into each others' phones, and although they never intended to look through the messages on them, occasionally it was necessary.

Like right now.

Of course Sapnap had been slightly annoyed when he saw the messages were from Jasper, but the irritation had quickly morphed into concern as he looked through the messages that had been sent within the past few hours.

Who the fuck was this guy?

Jasper: stop fucking ignoring me

Jasper: I could do it asshole

What was he talking about?

He scrolled up slightly higher.

Jasper: I could ruin your career

Jasper: I don't think you want me to do that

Jasper: so fucking text me back

Jasper: I will post your face

Jasper: this is a threat

Jasper: fucking asshole

Sapnap knew he had been right when he disliked Jasper almost immediately. He wasn't sure whether it was the weird comments he was making, or just the man himself, but everything about his and Dream's relationship had been weird from the beginning.

The brunet felt guilty as he looked through the texts and sent them to himself. This was probably an invasion of privacy, but he needed to keep Dream safe, since the blond seemed incapable of doing that for himself.

Before he could scroll any further up, Sapnap moved to sit down and knocked the TV remote onto the floor.

The loud noise echoed through the near silent house, and Sapnap winced as George jumped, waking up immediately and looking around.

The oldest boy spotted Sapnap and relaxed, frowning at him. “Thanks?” He said, too loud.

“Shut the fuck up!” Sapnap hissed at him, looking at Dream quickly and raising his eyebrows.

George looked sheepish, before seeing what Sapnap was doing. “What the fuck?” He thankfully whispered this, while glaring at the phone in Sapnap’s hand. “You better have a fucking brilliant reason.”

The brunet raised his hands defensively. This wasn’t how this was supposed to go.

So instead he moved the phone towards George and scrolled through the messages at the bottom, seeing the boy’s face turn further and further down as he looked through them.

“Huh?” George’s eyes were wide, and Sapnap nodded.

“That’s why I’m looking through these.”

“I fucking knew there was something wrong with that man, no one is actually that...nice...” George said the last word reluctantly, before starting again, “it was weird how much he was around Dream. Fuck, I should have realised it today when he was looking at his phone.”

Sapnap gasped and his eyes snapped back up to George. “Holy fuck. That makes so much sense. Why didn’t he tell us though? I thought we were over him being too stubborn to tell us he needed help.” George smacked him lightly and he nodded. “Bad wording, you know what I mean. He was sick barely last week, and you sat in a bath nearly naked with him. Why is he still trying to keep shit from us? It’s so unhelpful for all of us.”

George sighed, staring at the phone still. “I don’t know, maybe it’s pride? Or it could be his family? They didn’t seem like the best people, and I remember him leaving the room for a few minutes when we were calling, multiple times, and his parents screaming at him. Then he’d come back and act like it didn’t happen. I guess he’s just used to it at this point?”

Sapnap’s nose screwed up in distaste as he looked at the pictures of Dream that had been sent from the weird black haired boy. They were from outside the house, luckily, but still were terrifyingly clear, and there was an image of all three of them lying on the sofa sleeping that scared him more than it should have.

George cursed lightly as he looked through them all too, knowing Dream had seen the creepy images. The blond should have come to them as soon as this started, then they may not have been in such a mess when they did realise what was happening.

“So what do we do?” Sapnap asked the question either of them could answer just yet. The silence was the only reply he received, and he sighed, frustrated.

They needed to do something; he wouldn’t watch as his best friend’s life was ruined by a creepy, mentally ill dumbass who delivered pizza.

“Well, when Dream wakes up we could ask him if he thinks it can be sorted without involving the police, or doing anything Dream doesn’t want to do? Then we could follow through accordingly.”

Sapnap scoffed, laughing at the idea. “In what world would Dream tell us if he didn’t think he could deal with something himself? Isn’t that the whole reason we’re in this fucked up position?”

George hummed, suppressing a wince at his stupidity. "I guess you're right. Probably not smart to ask Dream."

Dream shifted on the sofa, curling in on himself and whining at the lack of warmth. The two of them froze, pausing and staring at him as he shifted in his sleep. They prayed that he wouldn't wake up, waiting a few more second before returning to the previous conversation.

Sapnap couldn't help himself, sitting down on the sofa and moving Dream's head into his lap, carding his fingers through the dirty blond hair that looked brown in the dark.

The warm breath on his bare thighs tickled, and he smiled softly at the sleeping boy, who had returned to the deep sleep he had been in previously.

When he was looking up, George almost seemed jealous, and was staring at Dream.

His eyebrows furrowed, and he looked confused. "George? Why are you looking at me like that?"

The brunet jumped and looked up at him. "Oh yeah, nothing, sorry. Back to the previous topic," he chuckled nervously as he switched the conversation, obviously still caught up in whatever he was thinking about.

It was cute. His lip was slightly in between his teeth, and he was pouting and blowing air out. It would have looked ridiculous on anyone else, Sapnap included, but George looked so genuinely confused he had to hold back a small laugh at the older.

"Penny for your thoughts?" He grinned suggestively at George, laughing lightly as the brunet flushed and stared at him.

"Just thinking about how lost you'd be without me. My back hurts from carrying this household."

Sapnap looked at him for about three seconds before snorting loudly enough to wake up the sleeping boy, silencing himself as his shoulders shook with now silent laughter.

"Shut the fuck up." George had picked Dream's phone back up, and was looking through the texts before Sapnap had turned it off.

Suddenly, he gasped, and stared at the message that had caught his eye. "What the fuck?" He almost whispered it to himself, seeing Sapnap get frustrated by the lack of answer as he asked repeatedly what had happened. George didn't care, just looking at the message with a mix of horror and guilt, eventually shoving the phone at Sapnap's face and pushing the horrible feeling down until he could ignore it.

Sapnap's face went white as he looked at the screen, not properly looking at it, lost in his thoughts. "How did we-" he broke off, unable to finish the question without his voice wavering.

George knew what he was asking, and Sapnap was once again thankful for his best friend being him.

"I don't know, it makes so much sense now that I know that though. What the fuck? How could we not realise it? He was avoiding it constantly and even the first night we were here I saw it, and I didn't realise and, holy shit."

The phone was still on as Sapnap put it down, not letting himself look at the conversation that was burnt into his eyelids.

The two of them had scrolled through hundreds of flirty messages, wanting to throw up until they had reached this.

Jasper: Dream, I'm pretty sure what you have is called an eating disorder.

Dream: no fucking way. That's impossible. I'm not like that.

Jasper: yeah, you are. The second time I saw you you had literally just thrown up into a restaurant toilet. By force.

Dream: oh.

Jasper: kind of makes sense now, doesn't it?

Sapnap hadn't checked Dream's reply, and didn't want to, instead letting himself put the phone away and looking up at George expectantly.

He wanted, no, needed the older to begin the conversation, but the brunet was just staring at the ceiling and muttering something to himself that Sapnap just couldn't catch.

Suddenly the wrist his hand was wrapped around made him feel sick, and he picked the phone up again, almost like a punishment to himself.

He looked back at the shorter boy and forced his voice to work. "George?"

He sounded so small, and unsure, and Sapnap almost cringed at his own voice.

"Sapnap," the word sounded like a prayer, and without thinking he grabbed George's hand and squeezed tightly, feeling him squeeze back.

"Fuck, that's so much worse than anything I expected. What do we do?" He could feel tears in his eyes as he looked down at the sleeping, unaware blond in his lap, and then back up at George.

"What can we do? We can be there for him, and talk to him, and maybe even force him to go to a therapist, but we've basically been helping him since we came here!" George was distraught, and one of his hands was pulling at his hair as he paced back and forth.

"George, George!" Sapnap got the older to stop pacing and glared at him. "Calm the fuck down, panicking isn't helping anyone. I don't think there's anything we can do until Dream wakes up. There's no point in seeing shitty for the next few hours right? But pacing back and forth and whatever the fuck that was," he gestured in George's direction, "that was not helping."

George rolled his eyes at the younger, which Sapnap took as encouragement, maybe the brunet wasn't panicking that much. They were okay.

He looked down at the blond in his lap. Well, maybe not okay. But they would be okay. He knew that. Whether he had to drag Dream by his hair to therapy or check him into a ward, he would make sure his best friend was safe and healthy.

"I guess you're right? It just sucks though. And reading through those messages. It's just been a lot? I mean I thought last week when Jasper told us about his family and the self harm that was everything, but then there's this. And he spent a whole night at that creep's house. Fuck, it was our fault."

Sapnap nodded. "I get that, it's a shock and such a mess. But we'll be fine."

The youngest boy had picked up the phone and could see Jasper still blowing it up as he looked through the hundreds of angry messages.

At that specific moment, as though he was cursed, his hand hit the volume button and the phone started pinging.

And then Dream woke up.

Chapter End Notes

Like I said, the beginning of the end.

I got bored today and started annotating my online version of my favourite book because it was fun. I've wanted to do it for ages but I keep forgetting and I'm only a chapter and a half in but it's cool.

One of my friends got me the most shitty presents ever for my birthday, so I went and got her some shitty stuff in return and I'm so proud of it.

I literally got her season 4 of the office, and it's on Netflix, and she hasn't watched seasons 1-3 and I find that so funny.

I keep listening to this one song and it's so catchy and it's such a bad song and the lyrics suck ass but I can't stop.

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated :)

And then I'm going to sleep because I think I've slept a total of about 5 hours this week altogether and it's Father's Day tomorrow and yeah I guess

You guys should probably go to sleep too, I don't think anyone on here has a normal sleep schedule, and if you don't want to, I don't care, go anyway.

And get some food and water too I guess.

Have an awesome day/night/weekend <3 see you guys on Wednesday like usual

Bye :)

Chapter 26 - Dream

Chapter Summary

Ehhhh

Chapter Notes

So...it's been a while?

I'm gonna post 6 tomorrow and then one the day after.

Yeah. I don't know.

I feel like I owe y'all an explanation? Probably.

My attention span is exceptionally short and I got bored. Then I spent a day straight writing the next 7 chapters. I'm gonna write the epilogue tomorrow?

The next chapters are about 1000 words each, cause I had about 6 hours to write them and, once again, my attention span is exceptionally short.

Once again, I'm sorry I left it for a month and I kinda wanna finish the story so I don't feel guilty anymore lol

Anyways now that's done, here's the next chapter.

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated :))))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream wasn't sure what he had expected when he woke up, but this wasn't it.

The loud noise had shocked him, and at first he was going to just lay there and let Sapnap's hand keep combing through his hair, but then he realised it was lighter than it should be, and George wasn't behind him.

The two were whispering as he opened his eyes and took in the scene quickly. Two guilty faces stared at him, and Dream wondered why for only half a second before he noticed the glowing screen of a phone on Sapnap's lap.

The glowing screen of his phone on Sapnap's lap.

"What the fuck are you doing? That's my fucking phone."

The other two shared a look; Dream couldn't tell what the look was, but he could faintly see them moving their faces towards each other in the dark.

They probably couldn't see each other's face either.

However, he assumed it was not a good look.

What had they been looking at on his phone anyway?

He thought he had turned the phone off when he went to sleep.

"Your phone was buzz-" Sarnap tried to reason with him, but Dream wasn't listening. Why the fuck had they been looking at his phone? That was private.

He had given them his passcode but only so that they could get on in emergencies. It wasn't supposed to be used like this.

"Don't fucking snoop through my phone that's not why are you have my passcode." Dream hissed at them, scowling at the bright light and standing up.

Internally his mind was racing. What had they found? Was there anything that bad on his phone anyway? He didn't think so. But he could never be sure.

Suddenly he realised what they were looking at. If his phone hadn't been turned off there was a possibility, a high possibility, that Jasper would've texted him during the night. If that had happened he almost didn't blame the other two for looking through his phone.

He would've done the same.

"What did you find?" His voice trembled as he looked off at the other two frowning as they only seem to get sadder.

They both seem reluctant to answer Dream who let out a frustrated groan, running his hand through his blond hair, and pulling.

"Answer me!" Dream was getting more frustrated by the minute and the other two could obviously see it on his face. He open his mouth to yell again when Sarnap raised a hand which he could barely just see in the dark.

"Start talking I swear to God please just start talking," Dream pleaded with the other two almost begging for one of them to explain.

Sarnap sighed, flexing his hand and looking up sympathetically towards the older. " what specifically do you want to know?"

"What the fuck did you see when you looked through my phone?" Dream was almost frantic at this point, hand running through unruly locks of hair.

'They saw what a fuck up you are. They don't want to be friends anymore.'

Dream gasped at the familiar voice. He had barely noticed that it had slowly disappeared throughout the past few weeks.

He wasn't sure if the other two had noticed the small flinch that he had let out, digging his nails into his arms.

There was no reply. Once again. Was it so fucking hard for them to just tell him?

Sick of waiting, Dream grabbed the phone out of his best friends hands seeing the screen light up

as dread filled his guts.

What had they seen? Fuck. He hoped they hadn't seen-

His hopes ruined when he saw what the phone opened to: his and Jasper's messages.

He briefly checked to see which part they were at, wincing when he recognised the conversation. It was about the eating disorder.

Shit.

"Please, what did you see?" Anxiety balled in his chest and he saw another look shared between them, as everything seemed to click to him.

"Holy fucking hell."

"We were just trying to-"

George was cut off by a glare from Dream, and he raised his hands placatingly, letting Dream speak.

"Okay, so not only did you guys look through my fucking phone without permission, you also looked through my messages, and now think you're allowed to pity me? Holy fuck, you're so messed up. You guys are my best friends, or you're supposed to be, and then you pull shit like this." He scoffed at them, and George glared back.

"Look dude, I'm sorry we looked through your phone, and I get that's shitty, but I'm not going to apologise for anything else. The only reason I looked was because your fucking stalker is spam messaging you, and then I was looking through the rest of the messages for security reasons, which you can't fucking blame me for given you never say if anything is wrong, and I found some old messages about the eating disorder. If you had said anything in the first place, and I mean literally anything about Jasper and what he's doing, we wouldn't be here right now. Stop with the self pity, yeah we feel bad for you but we want to help you, which you keep turning down, and you can't fucking admit you need it. Sure, I understand that life has been shitty to you, and I get that you normally had to deal with it alone, but we're here now. Whether you think so or not, I think we're a family. Stop trying to hide things from us." George has stood up while he ranted, hands balled into fists as he stared down the taller blond.

Dream blinked at him, mind racing as he took in the information. Was he really that bad? He knew hiding things wasn't good, and he wasn't helping anyone, but it wasn't that bad right?

He wasn't that bad right?

Sapnap seemed to elbow George in the ribs, hard, before moving towards the man who was lost in his own head.

"Dream?" The oldest spoke to him as if he were a wounded animal, placing a hand on his arm. Dream shook it off, shaking his head slightly at the same time, and wrapping his arms around himself; a much needed hug.

"Are you okay?" Sapnap tried again, and Dream didn't outwardly respond this time, moving further into his mind. Was this man crazy? Of course he wasn't okay.

Maybe he was crazy.

He hadn't told them about anything that had happened to him, hiding it all and making them deal with him when he was at his worst, constantly. He hasn't mentioned anything that might help them, and even now, his stomach was groaning from the lack of food.

"I think I broke him." George whispered to Sapnap, receiving an elbow that made even Dream wince in sympathy.

Not that it made the joke any funnier.

"I still don't think it's an eating disorder." He eventually decided on, seeing the other two stare at him in horror.

"How don't you think is an eating disorder?" Sapnap was incredulous, and Dream wasn't sure if he was just stupid.

"I have no proper issues, and I don't suffer from most of the symptoms. I checked a while ago, it doesn't make sense."

"The symptoms are mainly overeating, under eating, and making yourself throw up after you eat. All of those I've known you to do. When is the last time you ate without us eating too? Because I did yesterday. I've never seen you touch food if we're not there. You practically avoid the kitchen altogether. I know that you threw up that day when we went to the diner place for brunch. It pieced itself together when we realised you were struggling like you are. That's such a huge red flag Dream, that's the main symptom of bulimia. Stop lying to yourself, at least, and let us try and help you. We can get a therapist, and we'll be with you now, and you can get some help for your eating disorder." George looked like he genuinely believed himself which made Dream want to laugh and cry. He was so fucked up.

There were so many different emotions running through him at the same time. He was numb. He wasn't.

What was happening?

"Oh."

He wasn't sure when first tear fell, but soon there were multiple dripping down his face, as ugly, raw sobs rippled themselves from his throat.

The other two looked unsure of what to do briefly, before he was pulled into a hug. They whispered kind words as he sat on the sofa, falling with him, and letting him hold them in a death grip.

He had the worst luck.

Chapter End Notes

I GOT SPOTIFY PREMIUM FOR 4 MONTHS FROM TIKTOK AND IM SO HAPPY BECAUSE I LOVE IT SM

AND THEN I HAD A 7 HOUR ROAD TRIP TODAY AND I WANTED TO KILL MYSELF BECAUSE MY LEGS HURT SO FUCKING BAD

OH AND IN THE HOTEL WE WENT TO THERE WERE LIKE 5 OF THE WEIRD
SPIDERS THAT HAVE REALLY TWIGGY LEGS AND SCARE THE LIVING
SHIT OUT OF ME

AND THE WIFI WAS PAINFULLY BAD OMG I COULDNT WATCH
ANYTHING AND IT SUCKED

oh lmao and my best friend is moving to Singapore and I'm fucking depressed :(but
it's all good yk she's happy

Yeah, that's all I can think of right now, but I'll be posting tomorrow. And the day
after. And then I may add a couple one-shots. Depends how bored I am.

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated, drink water, go the fuck to bed
because I know you need to, eat something if possible, and I'll see y'all tomorrow :)

Goodnight <3333

Chapter 27 - George

Chapter Summary

Ehhhh

Chapter Notes

First update of today

I think I'm gonna post them every hour???

Simply cuz I feel weird dumping 6 chapters at one point

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Holy shit.

Dream was crying. That was new.

And painful.

The blond man's breath was stuttering as he shook, mumbling words that George could barely make out.

The brunet pulled Dream closer to him, laying him on his chest and making shushing noises. He was vaguely hoping that this was Dream admitting he needed help, but right now he was more focussed on helping the taller male.

"Jasper...threaten..." George couldn't make out most of what Dream was saying, but from what he could understand, he needed to go and hit Jasper. Repeatedly. With a baseball bat.

Sapnap's hand made its way into Dream's hair, and the blond seemed to collapse in on himself, sobbing harder and apologising profusely. George wasn't even sure what he was apologising for, but kept saying it was okay, hoping to help the fragile man.

Eventually, his breathing slowed, and George waited a few more minutes before looking down, realising there were 2 sleeping boys lying on him.

Currently, that was not good for either of them.

As the bile rushed up his throat, George extracted himself as quickly and simply as possible, trying not to wake up his sleeping boys. But also not puke on them. Dream waking up after that breakdown, covered in puke, that wasn't even his own, would probably damage the man more than help.

So he ran over to the toilet, gagging into the bowl as his last meal came back up. Hot tears ran down his face as the acid came up his throat. George probably deserved it though, thinking about Dream's breakdown earlier.

It was his and Sapnap's fault, for not seeing anything that was happening. They were bad friends, who didn't deserve someone like Dream who loved and cared for them, who was constantly there for both of them, who knew when something was wrong.

They hadn't seen shit, and had allowed Dream to spiral, letting him down time after time, and getting angry when he messed up. They were awful people, who weren't there for him when he needed them to be.

His throat burnt, and he was still gagging as he heard someone moving around in the living room. George could tell it was Sapnap from the sound of his footsteps, and faintly hoped Dream was still asleep.

The door was half pushed open, before Sapnap quickly pulled it shut again, sitting heavily outside and taking deep breaths to try and calm the nausea. If George wasn't throwing up, he would have laughed at the younger for having such a weak stomach.

"Are you okay?" George asked when there was a break in his gagging.

"Are you?" Sapnap countered, sat with his back against the door.

Neither of them said anything for a few seconds, and George didn't feel like he was going to puke vomit again, so he flushed the toilet, cleaning his face and hands and walking outside. He slumped down next to Sapnap, who frowned sympathetically and rubbed his back. "What happened?"

George leant into the comforting touch, resting his head on the other boy's shoulder, and sighing. "I just feel like shit. We're his best friends, you know, and we didn't know anything about him. Like his family, and even the eating problem. None of this stuff has come up, and we constantly complained to him about things, and he always listened. And like- are we bad people Sap?"

There was a short pause as the brunet thought about how to reply. "I don't think so Georgie. Dream didn't want us to know, and he wasn't going to tell us. He chose not to say anything, and sure, since we arrived here we have missed a few key signs, but we're human. We were never going to spot everything, and we haven't been here for that long. It hasn't even been two weeks. And there's nothing that can be done about that. We should move on, and help him get better."

Sometimes George thought his friendship with Sapnap was downplayed but the fans. There was so much about him and Dream, and Dream and Sapnap, but George thought Sapnap was just as good a friend as Dream.

Sapnap was more of an emotional person like George, and the two had a definite bond that wasn't always appreciated.

His heart did a small fluttery motion as he felt the arm moving up and down his back. Then was the crushing guilt because of the emotion he had just felt. He was horrible for feeling like that. It was wrong. Sapnap would hate him if he knew about it. Sapnap should hate him. It was weird. They were friends, nothing else. At least, that was what they were to Sapnap; if Sapnap wanted it that way, then it would be that way.

He was blinking back tears, and Sapnap stood up, pulling George up too and leading him over to the couch Dream was still sleeping on.

Dream looked adorable, having curled in on himself in his sleep and half pushed off the blanket that had been haphazardly placed on him. Without thinking about it, George reached out to gently trace his jawline, smiling as Dream pushed into the hand in his sleep, like a cat.

There were still tear lines down his face, and George tried to wipe those off too, looking up at Sapnap. “What are we going to do about all of that?”

Sapnap sighed, lying down on one side of Dream, and pulling George down onto the other. “That’s to deal with tomorrow. For now, Georgie boy, we’re going to go to sleep like normal people.”

He could hear the playful mocking in his tone, and glared at the nickname, before giving in and grinning back at the smiling boy. “Fine.”

That didn’t work.

“This is really small.” Sapnap was complaining, half sitting up from the end of the sofa, nearly falling off.

George let out a small laugh, opening his arms to the younger. “You’re welcome to lie on me.”

“I might take you up on that.”

“Do it.”

Needless to say, George went to sleep warm, and with his own personal blanket.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, I think I’ve run out of things to write here? I’ll see you in an hour most likely :)

Drink something, eat something, and if it’s that time of the day, go the fuck to bed.

Kudos and comments are always appreciated :)

Chapter 28 - Jasper

Chapter Summary

We're never gonna see Jasper again

Chapter Notes

Almost forgot this one lol

Where the fuck was he?

Empty bottles lined every surface visible, including the floor, and Jasper was holding his phone and staring at the screen like something would change. There was something wrong. There was no other explanation for the blond ignoring him.

Right?

The sun had long since risen over the horizon, and the curtains were shut, so his house was still bathed in darkness.

The knock on the door was extremely unexpected though.

Jasper tried to stand up, briefly staggering as the blood rushed from his head, but somehow managed to stumble towards the door, not even bothering to check who it was before opening it.

He smiled, relieved, when he saw the recognisable mess of blond hair, looking up at him with a guarded expression.

"Pretty boy! It's been so long! It almost feels like you've been avoiding me! But it's okay now, you're here and I forgive you for not talking to me. I checked you were okay and I found out so much about you in that time!" He squealed excitedly, throwing his arms around the blond and seeing his nose wrinkle up in what could be disgust?

That didn't belong there.

And he told him so.

"Don't look like that pretty boy, being annoyed isn't a good look on you. I'm sure leather would be though." He smiled suggestively, and heard Dream mutter something that sounded oddly like 'fucking hell, he's a flirty drunk' but he chose to ignore it, opening the door and letting him walk in.

The look of shock on Dream's face was priceless when he walked in, and Jasper could swear he saw his eyes soften for a few seconds, before they hardened again and he turned to glare at the older.

“Okay, I’m here now, and the police are coming in about 10 minutes. Sapnap and George are outside, and I’m not listening to any bullshit. Why did you do that.”

“Police..?”

“Of course he’s fucking stupid too.” Muttered under his breath. Then, louder, “Yes, unless you explain to me,” an annoying, exaggerated motion where Dream pointed to himself, “why you stalked and harassed me, for days, then you’ll go to prison.”

“I’m not stupid.”

Dream rolled his eyes, folding his arms and scowling. “9.”

“Okay, okay, no need to be bitchy.” The fog in his head was clearing, quickly making way for panic as he stared at the stony face of the man he thought he had grown close to in the past few weeks. “I’m sorry.”

“Too late. Explanation or a lawsuit.”

“Fuck- okay, I was jealous, and you were ignoring me, and you’re just like me Dream, you know?”

“I’m nothing like you.”

“If you want to lie to yourself, go ahead, it’s not like I can stop you.”

“8.”

“Shit- so I was jealous, and George and Sapnap were so protective, and I wanted you to want me back. To want me the way I wanted you? I know, it’s horrible, and toxic, and I don’t blame you for calling the cops on me, but I’m not the most stable. Mentally. It just happens sometimes, and I can’t control it, and fuck I’m so sorry.”

Dream stared at him for a few seconds before a small, mocking smile formed on his face and he started clapping slowly. “If anyone will hire you after this, you should definitely go into acting. You have potential. I’m nothing like you, but I know lots of people like you, and that was definitely on the higher end of the scale. Got to admit, I appreciate the tears, nice to know you’re really putting in some effort.”

A bitter grin broke out on his face, and Jasper looked at the blond. “I also thought that was a pretty fucking good speech. Kind of disappointed that didn’t work though. You definitely seem like the kind of dumbass that’d fall for some sob story like that.”

“Not helping your case here.”

“Would anything help?”

“Probably not, I just wanted to hear you beg.”

“Fair play.” A long pause. “How long until they arrive?”

“They should be here any minute now. I’m definitely going to enjoy watching your sorry ass get dragged into the back of one of those cop cars.”

“So you do like looking at my ass.”

“Shut up.”

It almost seemed weird, how they were joking, even while the police were coming to arrest Jasper, and Dream had called them. He almost felt sad at the loss of a potential friendship. They genuinely were extremely similar.

There was a knock on the door. “Cops here!”

“Come right in!” Dream yelled, moving to block the exit in case Jasper decided to make a run for it.

He wasn’t actually planning on it, but pulled a face at the blond anyway, holding his hands out in the least threatening way possible.

Getting shot in the face wasn’t on the agenda today.

George and Sapnap came in, followed by the police, who handcuffed Jasper and started to pull him out of the house.

“George, Sapnap, it’s been a while. Missed you guys. Wanna give me a hug?” He held out his hands, frowning as he was yanked back by the guy holding him. “Woah, woah, man, no need to be violent. Is a man not allowed to hug his his favourite short people?”

“Just- just take him away? Please? I can’t deal with looking at him anymore.”

“As you wish, sir.” He was pulled out, none too kindly, with one officer on either side, holding his arms.

“Is this not overkill? I’m one unarmed guy, what am I going to do? Bite you?” He grinned at the annoyed people, yelling over his shoulder a brief, “see you in court guys! Love you all!”

His rights were being read to him, and he ignored them, already vaguely knowing what he needed to know.

He sat in the car, looking out the window and waving mockingly at the three irritated men outside the window.

“Goodbye!”

Chapter 29 - Dream

Chapter Notes

So I wrote this on the 18th and was planning on posting what I had on the 19th that's why the date is like that

Dream was currently blackout drunk, and sitting on the lap of a man he didn't know.

How had he got here?

Dream had woken up, lying with his best friends, as had become a usual thing. However, today was not a usual day.

The thought of it already dampened his mood.

For the first half of the day, they had been trying to make him eat, which hadn't been working, and he was somehow in a worse mood than the one he had woken up in.

He had so much stuff to do, and they wouldn't let him leave without them.

"Fucking leave me alone!" He was now yelling at Sapnap. He didn't want to yell at Sapnap. He just needed space.

"I don't have a fucking clue what you're going to do if I do, so no thanks. I'm trying to help!" Sapnap was just as pissed as he was, and they were arguing properly. Which was a rare occurrence.

So Dream grabbed the keys, and walked out.

Immature and stupid.

But as he pulled up to his first stop, and he climbed out of the car, practically falling to his knees, the guilt and sadness took over. His hand reached up to brush over the numbers on the stone.

2/21/68 - 7/19/20

4/7/63 - 7/19/20

1 year ago. Today.

Fuck.

Dream curled in on himself slightly, thinking too hard about that night.

It was his fault. Completely his fault. They were dead because of him. He didn't deserve to be alive.

Which is how he ended up here. In a bar.

He was secretly pretty sure this was a gay bar, because where else would he be sitting on a guy's lap like this?

Other men had been paying for his drinks all night, and it turned out drunk Dream was extremely flirty and provocative. He already vaguely knew it, but he had slowly been moving around the room until he ended up here, back with the man he had started with, and now sat on his lap taking shots like they were water.

Needless to say, he'd have an awful headache when he woke up, and would probably feel worse than he already did.

But right now? Right now, he was doing awesome. Whoever said alcohol couldn't solve all of your problems was seriously stupid, alcohol was perfect for literally everything.

The bartender was hot; Dream could definitely appreciate the way he looked. Fluffy black hair falling over light brown eyes that were staring right at him.

He reached his hand out for another drink, smiling flirtatiously. This was a gay bar, he could have some fun with it.

He paused when the drink wasn't placed in his hand.

The bartender looked torn up over something, chewing his lip as he thought. Dream wanted to smooth the wrinkles off of his pretty face.

"I'm cutting you off."

What? He needed more alcohol. They weren't allowed to do that were they?

He didn't seem to be changing his mind, so Dream pouted at him, sticking his bottom lip out out and giving him the puppy eyes that usually got Dream whatever he wanted.

"Why?"

"Stop looking at me like that, I don't know what your problem is, but drinking won't fix anything. You're going to have a killer headache tomorrow, I don't want you to die from alcohol poisoning. You're drunk enough to still be out of it for the next few hours. I'm not going to give you any more alcohol tonight."

Dream pulled out a wad of cash, looking through it and staring at the bartender, who had his fists clenched in a show of self restraint.

"That's it, is there anyone I can call for you? You're too drunk to be safe alone. As it is," he looked disapprovingly at the way he was slumped across the other man's lap, "I doubt your safe with other people either."

Dream didn't answer, and he sighed, putting a hand out for the phone, which the blond reluctantly handed over, seeing the man scroll through his contacts and ending up on one.

The phone rang for a few seconds before a familiar voice picked up. "Hey, Dream, me and Sapnap were wondering where you were. You're not supposed to run off like that dude, nearly gave me a fucking heart attack."

The man holding his phone sighed, wincing and looking up at Dream before clearing his throat. "Uh, this isn't Dream, but I'm going to assume that's his name now. We're at," he told George the address and the name of the bar, "and I just cut your boy off because he's black out drunk. I would appreciate you coming to pick him up before he tries to go home with one of the people here."

"Oh. Of course. Sorry to bother you sir. I'll come and pick him up immediately."

Dream had the distinct feeling that George was disappointed with him, which hurt more than anything that'd happened today.

Well, that was an exaggeration. And definitely untrue.

Eventually he slumped back down into the lap of the man he was sat on, Oliver? He couldn't be certain of his name, but he could definitely appreciate his appearance.

Some undetermined amount of time later, two familiar brunets walked in, looking around for him anxiously before seeing him and rushing over. "Dream? Thank fuck you're here. We were so worried."

The guys whose lap he was currently in tightened his arms, pulling him closer towards his waist and staring at the other two. "Who are you?" He looked at them, and they scowled at him.

"His best friends."

Dream nodded, pushing off and trying to get them to leave. "'M fine guys. Don' need to pick me up."

"We'll wait outside for you to say goodbye to your...friend." He couldn't quite decipher what was in George's tone, but nodded, knowing that was the best compromise he'd get.

He turned back around, seeing Oliver give him a sad smile. "I was going to give you my number, but I see you're already in love."

Oh.

Chapter 30 - George

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George was panicking.

Dream had left the house, and neither him or Sap knew where he was, he wasn't answering his phone. They were screwed. Dream was lucky if George didn't smack him when he saw him.

He was sat with his head in his hands, when the phone rang. He could see that it was Dream and answered immediately, sighing with relief.

"Hey, Dream, me and Sapnap were wondering where you were. You're not supposed to run off like that dude, nearly gave me a fucking heart attack." He was mad at the boy, but he couldn't bring himself to yell. Maybe Dream had an explanation?

The man holding his phone sighed, wincing and clearing his throat. "Uh, this isn't Dream, but I'm going to assume that's his name now. We're at," he told George the address and the name of the bar, "and I just cut your boy off because he's black out drunk. I would appreciate you coming to pick him up before he tries to go home with one of the people here." What the fuck? He hadn't called them himself, he'd run off to go get drunk. And wasn't that place a gay bar? He didn't think Dream liked guys like that.

"Oh. Of course. Sorry to bother you sir. I'll come and pick him up immediately." The poor bartender, having to call George for Dream. He was going to beat some sense into his best friend.

But first. "Sap!" He yelled, hoping the younger would hear. He did, and came running down the stairs.

"What's up?"

"Dream's at a bar. The bartender called. Come on, we need to go collect him, and if you're not with me, I might just give him a black eye." That wasn't an exaggeration. He was pissed.

When they arrived, they rushed in, eventually seeing Dream sat on some guy's lap? Come on. George felt a hot rush of jealousy, pushing it down and walking over to the obviously drunk blond. "Dream? Thank fuck you're here. We were so worried."

The guys whose lap he was currently in tightened his arms, pulling Dream closer to him and staring at the other two. "Who are you?" He looked at them, and they scowled at him. Who the fuck was this guy?

"His best friends." His eyes widened, somewhat unbelieving, but George nodded, and the man loosened his grip.

Dream nodded, pushing off and trying to get them to leave. "'M fine guys. Don' need to pick me up." Who the fuck did he think they were?

George went to say something back, but Sapnap grabbed his hand behind his back, and he nodded, changing what he wanted to tell the blond.

"We'll wait outside for you to say goodbye to your...friend." Dream seemed confused by George's

tone, as did Sapnap. But the two of them walked out, waiting by the entrance for Dream to do whatever he needed to do.

Dream had left the house in a hoodie and sweatpants, and George had just noticed the lack of a shirt, and that somehow he was in some shorts.

He climbed into the car after them, lying down in the backseat as they took the front.

George and Sapnap kept up a quiet conversation in the front, assuming Dream was asleep from the long, deep breaths coming from the back.

They pulled up, and Dream sat up, stumbling inside. There was a crashing noise and George groaned. "This is going to be a long night."

When he walked in nothing looked immediately out of place and Dream was lying on the sofa, holding his head. "You good?" Dream grunted in reply, and George let out a breathy chuckle. "That bad huh?"

One green eye opened, and George looked at Dream. The next words that came out of his mouth surprised them both. "You're pretty Georgie." George choked on air, looking at the oblivious blond.

"You can't say shit like that Dream."

"Why not? It's true." The taller boy gave him a flirty smile, and George felt butterflies.

It was the alcohol. Right? It had to be. There was no way...unless? No. Dream didn't want him. That had been made clear multiple times.

Sapnap walked in after, with a glass of water and some Advil in his hand. "You guys want to go to bed?"

Dream nodded, standing up and stretching. George winced as his whole body seemed to crack, the obscene popping noise hurting his ears.

George followed the two of them upstairs, seeing Dream in bed with the medicine and water next to him. Sapnap always was thoughtful. It was one of the younger's best traits.

The two of them were stood at the foot of the bed, seeing the blond twist around, trying to get comfortable.

"Why won't you stay with me?" He whined, looking at them. George wanted to let himself lie in the taller's arms, and just forget about tonight. But Sapnap shook his head, and George knew he had to stay strong, looking at Dream sympathetically.

"You're drunk out of your mind. We can't stay with you tonight. Sleep well Dreamie."

As soon as they walked out of the room, Sapnap hugged George, clinging onto the older for comfort. "Why does he keep doing these things? I don't want him going to bars alone in the dark."

George rubbed a hand up and down his back soothingly, whispering to him and leading him towards George's room.

The two of them probably both needed someone tonight, and since Sapnap had calmed him down and helped him only recently, George brought the two of them down onto the bed, Sapnap lying on

his chest, and starting running a hand through his hair.

He wanted Dream to be here too, but knew the blond sometimes freaked out at things like this, and decided it'd be best to just let him compose himself before they saw him in the morning.

When he was sure Sapnap was asleep, he placed a gentle kiss to the younger's forehead.

"Goodnight Sap, I love you."

I love you too Dream.

Chapter End Notes

3 chapters left!!!

Chapter 31 - Sapnap

Chapter Notes

Next chapter is the last chapter of the actual story and then I gotta finish writing the epilogue which is like half done

Sapnap woke up to yelling and a cold bed.

He shook the sleep out of his mind, padding downstairs. He wasn't really listening as he grabbed a coffee, checking his phone and readying himself before he entered the war zone.

This was not a good conversation to have entered.

"I don't get why your stubborn ass couldn't have at least texted us an 'I'm going to a bar' or even a fucking 'I'm okay don't worry'. Do you know how scared I was?" He spotted Sapnap and dragged him into the conversation. "How scared we both were?"

"I had a good reason." Dream wasn't even looking at George which seemed to anger the short man even more.

"Well would you please enlighten me and tell me what this fucking brilliant idea was?" His tone was laced in so much sarcasm and venom Sapnap felt the need to intervene.

"Woah, why are we yelling?"

"The same reason I would have yelled yesterday Sap. Dream needs some common sense. The man is an idiot. And I want to know what was going through his brain when he thought getting black out drunk with no one knowing where he was was smart."

"I know George is being a little," he looked over at George, who was frowning at him, "harsh in the way he's saying this. But it comes from a place of love. Neither of us want anything to happen to you. We just don't want that to happen again because we were so worried about you man. And it was so dangerous."

George looked really guilty. "Yeah, I didn't mean to sound like that. It just didn't...yeah?"

Dream gave him a small grin. "Yeah."

"Why were you out yesterday though?"

Dream frowned, and Sapnap moved towards him instinctively, knowing whatever was said next would be bad. "It was the anniversary."

"Of what, darling?" Sapnap had moved towards Dream, and if anyone in the room thought the pet name was weird they didn't say anything. In fact, Dream leant into Sapnap as he said it, letting out a small sigh of satisfaction that none of them mentioned.

"My parents died a year ago yesterday. And it was completely my fault."

"I'm sure it wasn't your fault."

"It was 6 months since Drista died. I was pissed at myself and at Drista and at my Dad and at the whole fucking world and I got drunk and phoned my parents. And they needed to collect me. Because I was 'irresponsible and reckless'. That was the last conversation we ever had. I remember it like it was yesterday, and it was basically just my dad screaming and calling me names. Eventually he hung up on me. I didn't say I love him, you know? I didn't say that to him or my mom. I really wish I had said that to them. At least when I was holding Drista as she died, I got to say I love you. There was a drunk driver and he just crashed into them, head on. They died before they felt anything. Which is good I guess. That was my fault though. I still feel bad for it, and yesterday was awful but I wasn't right in the head. And all I could think about was how he hadn't said anything nice to me. He said it was my fault that she died."

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Sapnap would have punched Dream's dad if he wasn't already dead. The man sounded like an asshole, and who gave him the right to break Dream so much? The man didn't deserve someone as nice as Dream, and Dream didn't deserve someone as horrible as his dad.

Sapnap had suspected something was wrong before, from his previous interactions with the family, but not this. Never this bad.

George looked extremely guilty, moving forward until he was practically on his knees in front of Dream. "Oh my god. Are you okay? That's stupid. Of course you aren't."

Sapnap cut off his rambling. And lightly kicked him to get him to shut up. "You know we're here for you right? We wouldn't ever judge you for something like that, and you can come to us if you need us. It isn't healthy to bottle things like that up. That wasn't a healthy thing to do."

"You should have seen me on the anniversary of Drista's death." Dream chuckled lightly before realising neither of them were laughing too, and awkwardly looking at them and rubbing the back of his neck. "Yeah, I get it wasn't good, but I needed it?"

"And I needed to know you were safe." George spoke up, and Dream looked conflicted.

"Look, we know that you can't always tell us every problem. And we understand wanting privacy, and to have some of your own secrets. But as soon as those secrets affect us, they shouldn't be secrets anymore. There are many things I would like to know about both of you, but I know you want some privacy, so I haven't ever asked. We understand what you're thinking, but we want to help you. And that's only possible if you help us too. Everyone here just wants you to get better."

"I'm sorry. I'll try in the future."

Sapnap could see that George was distraught, and frowned. He was never very good at hiding his emotions, and Sapnap opened his other arm for the oldest to climb in.

He ended up turning on a movie, none of them really wanting to talk much.

The three of them were laying on the sofa, that was definitely too small for them, but right now they didn't care, lying on top of each other and tangling in each other's arms.

They all just needed some comfort, not really focusing on the film as Sapnap started playing with one of their hair; he couldn't tell who it was. Eventually, the heavy breathing beneath him caused him to look down, realising they were both asleep.

Holy shit, he was so in love with them both.

Chapter 32 - Dream

Chapter Summary

So...

Chapter Notes

Why does no one ever tell me when there are mistakes here omg 🤔 I feel so awkward when I read it a month or so later and am just like oh my fucking god that doesn't make sense

I just realised one chapter had a ton of mistakes in it and no ones mentioned anything to me man

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He hated them both.

Not literally, but currently suicide was looking like a viable option.

They were so frustrating. Why did they need to care? He was a grown ass man. He could look after himself.

That wasn't strictly true, so to speak, but he still didn't need them to baby him, and look after him like this.

As much as he hadn't proved that he should be allowed to sit alone and do these things, he didn't need babysitting, and it was bad enough that they'd signed him up for therapy. (Not really, he was extremely thankful they'd done it for him, and he didn't need to think too hard about it, but he wasn't going to admit that to them. It was awkward thanking them for everything, and he couldn't do that without looking disgusted with himself and or crying. But he wasn't going to say anything to them).

Currently, Sapnap was holding a spoon to his face like it'd do anything. George was holding his phone, and the door was locked.

The only thing he could do was eat something.

He had eaten something yesterday. The therapist had helped him, sure, but she said it'd be slow progress. Later, she had spoken to Sap and George alone, and he assumed that was where this awful plan came from.

They had been singing her praises as they drove home too. All 'she's so nice' and 'Maris seems so friendly, I know she'll help you Dream'. Personally, he didn't think Maris was that awesome. He just wanted to go home and watch TV, and if his friends happened to come and lie with him while he was doing it, then it'd be a shame to waste the possible cuddle time by not doing so.

"Dream, you need to eat. Maris said there'd be slow progress, but also that we need to force you to eat at least once a day. Make this easier on everyone, please, and just eat it."

"I don't get why you care."

Maris had told him that hostility was a defence mechanism, namely his defence mechanism, and that he only did it when he was in a situation he didn't want to be in. She told him that making jokes about every situation wasn't healthy either, and he glared at her.

Then he cracked a joke about it.

She really didn't appreciate that.

"Because you're our fucking best friend, and we need to make sure you're healthy. Stop being hostile and stubborn for the sake of it."

Apparently Maris had also told them that he was hostile as a defence mechanism. Or Sapnap had figured it out. That boy always did seem to know what was going on in his mind.

Maybe he should have become a therapist. It was annoying when he did it, but he did it the same way Maris did, so if he was going to be a little bitch, they may as well make some more money out of it.

"Fucking hell, Sap, I already have a therapist, you can stop sounding like her. I don't need you to tell me what to do, or try and help me. I'm doing fine."

"Sure."

Damn this boy. He had just ended the conversation. Which was currently Dream's only source of entertainment.

Maris had commented on his short attention span too.

Fuck. This woman had gotten more in his head in an hour than his father had in the 20 years he'd known him.

"Please leave me alone."

"You know we can't do that Dreamie Boy."

At the same time. "Eat dumbass."

Surprisingly, Sapnap said the second one. There was a problem when you managed to wear away at Sapnap's patience. That took skill, and a lot of pushing the right buttons.

"What if I don't want to? You don't need to sit and wait for me." He chose to answer the second one, wanting to rile Sapnap up just a little bit more, grinning at the flash of anger in his eyes.

"Stop trying to annoy me. Eat. Now."

"Go on Sappy, I know you don't want to sit here. Why do you care?"

His teeth were grit. "I need to. You're my best friend. You need help."

After a conversation that was quite close to this one, Maris had told him to stop pushing his luck or he'd get smacked.

Of course his mind was running in circles with that idea right now, when Sapnap was so achingly close to him.

Maybe if he..? No.

"You don't need to." The smirk was back, and he could see how pissed Sapnap was, forcing down a smile of joy and pushing into the smirk, putting more bravado onto his act. "Come on Sap, tell me why you really care."

His face was right next to Sapnap's ear, and he grinned when the other gulped, breathing deeply and scowling at him.

"Why wouldn't I care? You're my best friend, and I live with you, and...and..." Sapnap wasn't thinking, breathing hard and clenching his jaw.

"And?"

"And I'm fucking in love with you, okay? I'm in love with both of you, and I don't want either of you to die, and I'm so fucking terrified for you Dream, I don't want anything to happen to you."

Well, that wasn't expected.

George looked just as surprised, and Dream wasn't sure if that was a good or bad thing. Sapnap looked so fucking anxious Dream almost started talking. He would have, if George wasn't already talking when he processed what had just been said.

He was only half listening as George proclaimed his love to them both, staring at the two of them with a small smile on his face. His boys. Finally.

"Are you okay Dream?" The two of them were staring at him worried, and he gave them a dopey smile, opening his arms for a hug, which they quickly gave him. He let his head fall in between theirs, still smiling as he mumbled something they all somehow heard.

"I love you guys too."

Chapter End Notes

The epilogue/final chapter will either come tonight or tomorrow depending on if I can be bothered, if I remember, and if I finish it today.

But yeah, I guess, that's the main part of the story done. I have no more storyline to write.

1 year later - Dream

Chapter Summary

This is the end I guess?

Chapter Notes

I'm way too soft for them calling Dream pet names - mainly for Sapnap calling him darling it's too cute man I swear

But this is definitely my favourite chapter I've written in a while and I enjoyed doing this so...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I don't think we need to see each other so often anymore, I'm changing your appointments to once every 2 weeks, unless you have a problem with that?"

Dream felt a rush of pride, and grinned at the woman. "No, that's awesome Maris. Thank you for all of your help."

She chuckled lightly, pushing her brown hair out of her face. "It's no problem, as I've said multiple times. Now didn't you say it was your 1 year anniversary?"

His grin became impossibly wider, and he nodded. "I think the two of them have something planned, but they won't tell me what."

She smiled softly. "Young love. You three were made for each other."

There was a knock on the door, and she mouthed 'congratulations' before opening it and letting the two of them in. "Hey Doc." Sapnap grinned, and she waved as the three of them staggered out, holding hands and leaning on each other.

They piled into the car, Dream taking his usual seat in the back, and George deciding to join him there. He pulled something small and black out of his pocket, showing it to Dream and receiving a nod before slipping the blindfold on.

"Where are we going?" He knew it was pointless to ask, but he was curious.

"The point in the blindfold is that you don't know where we're going darling." Sapnap answered the question in the most unhelpful way possible.

He sighed, relaxing at the pet name and realising he wasn't going to get anywhere by asking that question. "Can I at least have a clue?"

"We're about 5 minutes away."

That wasn't helpful.

The car stopped, and he was led out by George. Sapnap didn't seem to be following them, and he heard the car door shut as the brunet seemed to follow them.

He was slightly wary as he followed George, half expecting the other man to push him. George seemed to sense his hesitation, and realise the cause, tutting softly. "I'm not going to do anything, I have some dignity. This is our anniversary, your job is just to enjoy it."

Dream couldn't tell the nagging guilt at not having helped plan this at all. Once again, George seemed to read his mind. "We wanted to keep it a secret, since you've been struggling, and there's just a lot we wanted to do for you okay?"

He nodded, feeling himself be pulled down onto a soft mat. The blindfold was slipped off, and he glimpsed the loving smile on Sapnap's face for a second before he noticed everything else.

"I love you guys so much." He breathed out, in awe of the set up before him. It was starting to get dark, and the small forest clearing they were in - their forest clearing - was lit up by fairy lights, and low hanging lanterns. It looked like it would have taken ages to set up, the decorations all covered in flowers, little snatches of colour here and there.

On the floor, there was a checkered picnic mat, which he was sat on, with multiple pillows, and food set out. He assumed the food had been cooked or bought just before they left, because it was still warm.

His eyes watered up slightly, and he tried to force the tears away, grinning at them.

He was half pulled into Sapnap's lap, feeling the younger's hand run through his hair, gently tugging at the dirty blond strands. "Don't cry man, you'll set George off too."

"Hey!"

George didn't actually argue.

Dream let out a watery chuckle, resting his body on Sapnap's chest. "Thank you guys."

"It's what we do Princess, now what food do you want? Cause we couldn't tell, so we got everything."

The blond laughed lightly, pressing a kiss to Sapnap's cheek. "I don't mind. I'm happy to just sit here with you two."

"Stop being a fucking sap and make a decision." They were all grinning, and Dream pointed towards some pasta, grabbing a plastic and fork to start eating, still half sat in Sapnap's lap.

"Angel, I need you to move while I'm eating."

The pet names were sort of a surprise when Sapnap first started using them, and Dream was never going to admit to the stupid butterflies in his stomach every time he was called one, but they all knew he loved them. While George used them considerably less often, it was rare to hear Sapnap using his normal name anymore.

Dream let out a small hum, moving over to the pile of pillows and lying down as they all started eating.

"So how was the session today?" George had moved over to sit opposite Dream, and Sapnap quickly scooted over too, forming a circle.

"It went well I guess. Maris said she doesn't think I need to see her so often anymore, so she only wants one session every two weeks."

George leant over and placed a kiss on his nose, beaming. "That's awesome baby, I'm so happy for you."

Sapnap was also grinning. "You've come so far in just a year darling, we're so proud of you."

"Stop, I'm going to cry," he whined, and they laughed. It went silent for a few seconds, each of them lost in their thoughts, until Dream started talking again. "Thank you though, for everything you've done for me. You guys were there for me to help me get better, and I think," he swallowed thickly, "I think if you hadn't arrived when you did, I'd probably be dead by now."

Sapnap moved forwards, placing a soft kiss to his forehead. "I love you so much Dream."

"I love you too Sap."

None of them spoke for a few minutes, the silence being calm and comforting as they relaxed in the company of one another. At some point, George and Sapnap picked up the food, putting it into bags, and the youngest brought it back to the car, leaving Dream and George alone in the clearing.

George pulled Dream down, cuddling into him and looking up at the stars. The lights twinkled, and sometimes he liked to imagine everyone that ever lived was up there somewhere, watching over them at this very moment.

"My Dad used to tell me about the stars." The quiet voice pushed him out of his thoughts, and he saw Dream staring up at the stars. "Before he was...bad. We used to lie on the roof every Saturday, and he'd tell me stories, and point out constellations. Sometimes my Mom or my sister would sit out with us, but it was our thing. He'd have a beer, and I'd have ice cream, and it was a big secret, even though we both knew my Mom already knew. But we didn't tell her, and he got out picnic mat, and put a clear cover up when it was raining, and sometimes I'd fall asleep out there, and he'd take me inside."

George let Dream speak, and when Sapnap came back in the middle of it, he shushed him, seeing the younger man lie down on Dream's other side, probably seeking out the heat the blond seemed to radiate. "That sounds nice love."

"Sometimes I don't miss him. And then feel bad for that. But then I do. And I also feel bad for that."

"Emotions are messy like that doll. You shouldn't feel bad for it. He was your dad, and no matter how awful he was, you'll always have mixed emotions over him."

"Hmm." Dream didn't answer, instead pushing his face deeper into George's neck.

Sapnap groaned, and stood up, tired of being on the floor. "I want to swim. In the lake. Feel free to join me."

The other two sat up as he stripped down to his pants, George wolf whistling as Dream yelled 'Baywatch!' as the brunet dove in.

The two quickly followed, giggles and light shoves until they were in.

Sapnap used his foot to brush against George's ankle, snorting at the high pitched scream he let out as he jumped into Dream's arms. "Something fucking touched me Dream, I swear to fucking god."

Dream looked over at Sapnap, dying of laughter, and suppressed a smile, looking down at George. "I'll protect you babe."

George looked up at him for a second, before looking back at Sapnap, and scowled. "I hate you."

"You know you love me." Dream and George would both be lying if the cocky smirk on his face didn't make their hearts seize a little.

"Maybe."

Eventually they climbed out, with a whispered exchange between George and Sapnap that Dream suspected was about him, before George walked over to the car and he was pulled back down onto the picnic mat to dry off and put on clothes.

He most certainly didn't watch Sapnap a little bit more than necessary as they were getting dressed. Of course not.

George walked back, handing something to Sapnap without Dream noticing, and sitting down. "What did you do?" Dream looked confused, and George grinned, laying his head in the blond's lap and sighing as a pale hand raked through his hair.

"I needed to piss."

Dream snorted. "Okay then."

Sapnap looked at George, frowning and shrugging. George looked at his watch and mouthed 'eight'.

Dream was seriously confused now, but decided to ignore it. "So how was your day?"

"I washed some of the clothes and then started editing a video so I could have today and tomorrow off." Sapnap was so thoughtful. A trait Dream hadn't failed to notice when they were friends, but had only begun to properly appreciate when they'd started dating.

"I did the same, but I sat in on one of Karl's and Quackity's streams. I think it's awesome that they got married a few months ago."

Weird topic of conversation, but Dream went with it. "Yeah, but they were made for each other. I can't imagine either of them with anyone else. They're fucking adorable."

The duo had been the first they'd told about their relationship, neither of them particularly surprised by the confession.

"You guys were so obviously in love with each other. We were betting on how long it'd take you to figure it out." Karl was laughing, looking at the three of them all sat together on the screen.

"Out of morbid curiosity, how long were the bets?"

"Well, Q said 2 weeks, but I thought you stubborn motherfuckers would take at least a month to realise anything. Long story short, I owe him a blowjob."

"Didn't need to know that man!" Sapnap scrunched his nose up in disgust at the idea of his friends having sex. "That's one mental image I'm never going to get rid of."

Dream smiled fondly at the memory, almost missing what George said next, but remembering to listen just in time. "Their wedding was beautiful."

"It was."

Dream saw the moon finally move above the clearing, and as was their tradition, he smiled at them. "Make a wish."

They seemed to think for a second, and then both of them got down on one knee, holding out a black box. Dream thought he knew what was inside, and gasped softly.

"I don't need to make a wish Angel, I already have you both."

George looked over at him. "Cliche much?"

"Shut up, this whole thing is incredibly cliche and he was basically asking for it."

"Sure."

"No, no, you got to agree with me on this dude. Dream?" The blond was giggling, and they both softened when they looked at him.

"What this doofus was trying to say," George ignored the protest from Sapnap, "is that we want to wake up to you every morning, and see each other every day, and love you in the way you deserve to be loved."

Sapnap smiled. "Dream, will you take us to be your husbands?"

"Holy fucking- yes, oh my god yes. I love you guys."

Dream moved towards George, who was closest at the time.

"Are y'all about to kiss?" Sapnap looked at the both of them in mock disgust.

Dream looked at George and snorted. "That's gay."

Chapter End Notes

Something I didn't know how to write in for when they get back to the car:

Dream looked at the two rings on his hand, only just realising neither of the others had one. "Why am I the only one with a wedding ring?"

George shared a grin with Sapnap before looking back at the blond. "You're the girl in this relationship."

Neither George nor Sapnap stopped laughing until they were back home, and even Dream struggled to suppress a grin.

So...this is finished. I have nothing necessary left to write for this fic in particular. I enjoyed it at times, but thanks for reading? I probably wouldn't have finished it if people weren't commenting and stuff

I have realised that this was very ambitious for the first thing I wrote, and next time I'm gonna write the whole thing and release it like 2x a week after I've finished writing it

But yeah, I hope you guys enjoyed this considerably more than I did, and I'm glad y'all stuck with me during the month and a half where I didn't post anything. My bad.

This took me 3 months and a week, which is a month and a week longer than I'd hoped for. But now I'm going to work on some other things.

If I feel the urge, there are maybe 5 one shots and one 3-4 chapter story I'd write that link up to this. If I do, I'll put this in a collection and add them to it :)

Thanks :)

Works inspired by this ~~one~~ [Plot On To Me](#) by [Alejas](#)

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